Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1913. Vol. 44, No. 8

COMPANY L PRAISED BY REGULAR ARMY MAN

Major Farnsworth Files Flattering Report of Inspection.

ARE UP WITH REGULARS

Tells Adjutant General Stewart Bellefonte Guardsmen Are Among Best He Has Ever Inspected—All Members Complimented.

There hasn't been any brass band sounding its praises, but since opening up for business last month the Bellefonte Engineering Company, which took over the old Lingle foundry, has been steadily pushing ahead until today there are sixteen men on the payroll. Even more to the point, this number will be doubled in the next two weeks, the increase made necessary by a healthy growth in the business of the company. Thus far the company has been making one cast a week. Beginning with next week a cast will be made every other day.

C. A. Roberts, for eight years identified with the National Transit Company, at Oil City, has taken an interest in the company and has been chosen president. Mr. Roberts arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday night and will remain here permanently. He is a mechanical engineer and will have general charge of the machinery equipment. Victor E. Rehr, who up to this time has had most of the work on his hands, said yesterday that he and his colleagues were greatly pleased with the growth in business since they started operations early in January. Shipments have been made to Lock Haven and other nearby points and others as far west as Warren. Orders in hand call for shipments to Pittsburgh.

Just by way of a suggestion to Bellefonte business men, it should be frankly stated that thus far little encouragement has been accorded the company in the substantial form of local orders. The company is managing to get along very nicely without local orders, but it could and would advance all the more rapidly if everybody hereabouts would turn in an order when the opportunity presents itself.

Skaters Broke Through Ice.

Miss Ruth Fisher and Miss Violet Winkleman, of Flemington, broke through the ice in Bald Eagle creek, a short distance from Flemington, on Saturday afternoon while skating. Both girls were plunged into the freezing water up to their necks. The current was swift at the point where they broke through the ice, but fortunately the water did not go over their heads and they were able to remain on their feet until their cries for help brought assistance. Several young men heard their calls and hurrying to the creek rescued them from their perilous position. They were removed to a nearby residence where their clothing was dried. After they had recovered from shock they were able to return to their respective homes.

Five Scholarships at State.

The Pennsylvania State College offers five scholarships, named in honor of H. N. McAllister, valid for the freshman year, and worth about $85.00 each, to the five counties of the State, showing the highest ratio of students to the population of the county. One scholarship will be available beginning September, 1913, for each of the following counties: Blair, Center, Dauphin, Elk and Wyoming.

The County Superintendent and high school principals in each county will make the appointment by competitive examinations before June first.

Cash for State College.

Senator David Hunter and Speaker George E. Alter have introduced into the Legislature the appropriation bill for State College, calling for $1,830,000. The items are as follows: General maintenance School of Agricultural and its allied departments, $360,000; general maintenance of all other departments, $740,000; for the erection, equipment and furnishing of such buildings and additions as are approved by the governor, $700,000; for completing the construction of sewage plant, $30,000.

Beech Creek Couple Married.

Clayton N. Seyler and Miss Flora M. Potter, both of Beech Creek, were married on Saturday, last, at Lock Haven. The ceremony was performed by Alderman J. C. Smith.

Read "The Republican" one dollar in advance

PURCHASED NITTANY INN

Aiken Brothers Buy Property at College; Consideration Over $50,000.

An important deal was consummated a few days ago whereby James P. Aiken, his brother Rev. C. T. Aiken and the latter's son, Claude C. Aiken, purchased the Nittany Real Estate Company of State College. The Nittany Inn at State College was owned by the company and is included in the transfer. Included also is a property on Frazier Street, occupied by Kimport's meat market, Evey's livery and the water company office.

It is understood that the consideration was something over $50,000. The Nittany Inn will continue under the present management.

Pastor Delightfully Surprised.

Rev. D. J. Frum, of Pleasant Gap, was the recipient of a fine tribute from the members of his congregation at Pleasant Gap, Axe Mann, Lemont and Rock Forge on Monday evening, last. The occasion was his sixty-third birthday anniversary and the members of his several charges assembled at the Pleasant Gap church to fittingly celebrate the happy event. Mr. Frum was taken completely by surprise which made the function all the more enjoyable to not only himself but to those who had planned it in his honor. Among those present were Rev. C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte, and after the singing of "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name" he led in prayer and followed this with an address to which Mr. Frum feelingly responded. All of Mr. Frum's friends thereupon moved forward and indulged in an hour of hand-shaking and well-wishing which paved the way for a splendid lunch served by the ladies of Pleasant Gap, an art in which they cannot be excelled. At a seasonable hour all departed for their respective homes, wishing Mr. Frum many happy returns and feeling that it was good to have been there.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Keystone Real Estate & Improvement Co. of State College to Lucy L. Johnston, premises in State College; $3900.

F. L. Schleifer, et ux, to Benjamin F. Limbert, premises in Miles township; $525.

Barbara E. Johnstonbaugh, et al, to Fannie Shuey, premises in College township; $800.

Thomas Foster, et al to John O. Kammerman, lot in College township; $400.

Maud M. Aikey, et baron, to Penna. Railroad Co., lot in Howard township; $210.

Emily Holmes, et al, to James H. Holmes, Jr., premises in State College; $33,500.

James Kreps to W. G. Runkle, 2 tracts in Boggs township; $750.

Sarah M. Johnson, et baron, to W. G. Runkle, tract in Spring township; $1.

James H. Holmes, Jr., et ux, to Emma A. Martin, premises in State College; $5000.

H. Ross Wallace, et ux, to M. C. Piper, premises in Milesburg; $1100.

Abraham Weber, et ux, to Penna. Railroad Co., tract in Howard Borough; $500.

Leah Lowry, et baron, to William H. Hill, premises in Benner & Union townships, $900.

Smallpox on the Wane.

But one new case of smallpox has developed in the last week, which is the best record of any week since the first case was discovered in Bellefonte. As a result the local physicians are more confident than ever that the disease has been not only checked but gotten under splendid control. Policeman William Beezer, who several weeks ago handled a young man already ill from smallpox, on Monday reported that he was not feeling well and he was ordered home. He is under quarantine. His illness is of a very mild form.

Married at Boalsburg.

On February 15, at the Reformed parsonage, at Boalsburg, Emmett G. Brooks and Miss Mary L. Bloom, were united in wedlock by Rev. S. C. Stover. Both parties came from old and good families at Centre Hall, and we wish them well in life's voyage.

Hublersburg Man Weds.

Edward H. Love, of Hublersburg, and Miss Ruth V. Mayes, of near Salona, were married on Saturday, last, at Lock Haven, the ceremony being performed by Alderman J. C. Smith.

Ex-Sheriffs to Banquet.

The Ex-Sheriffs' Association of Centre County will hold their third annual banquet at Hecla Park on Saturday evening, February 22nd.

Bellefonte Loses Two Old Citizens.

STEELE C. HUNTER 82YRS

Well Known Carpenter and Builder Passed Away After Lingering Illness—Life Long Resident and Veteran of Civil War.

An illness which had its inception several months ago culminated at 5.30 o'clock on Saturday evening when Steele Collins Hunter passed away at his home on South Allegheny Street, aged 82 years, 2 months and 5 days. It was only his remarkable constitution that enabled him to survive during a period of several weeks when the spark of life seemed to be held by the slenderest thread. He was one of Bellefonte's oldest citizens and Civil war veterans and the news of his death elicited expressions of sympathy and regret in the community. Until he was taken ill a few months ago he had always enjoyed exceptionally good health, was wonderfully vigorous for one of his age and seemed destined to live many more years of usefulness, Rheumatic gout was the fore-runner to a general breaking down of his system and he finally was compelled to take to his bed. There he lingered far beyond the time many expected he could survive, surrounded by a loving and devoted family and receiving everything possible in the way of care and attention.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the late home of the deceased, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, assisted by Rev. C. C. Shuey. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

The deceased was one of four brothers, all of advanced years and all enjoying splendid health until there came his illness and finally his death to mark the first break in the group. He was born at Boiling Springs, December 10, 1830, and was the son of William and Margaret Steele Hunter. He was twice married, his first wife being Catherine A. Holt, who died in 1867. He was married to Miss Amanda Stitzer on December 9, 1869. His widow and these children survive: Frank T. Hunter and Mrs. Mary Evans, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Laura Hathorn, Norristown; William D. Hunter, Oakland, California; Mrs. Margaret Iliff, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles C. Hunter, West Allis, Wisconsin, and Bertha, at home. Surviving also are these brothers and sisters: Frank and William Hunter, of Axe Mann; George T. Hunter, of Elkhart, Indiana; Mrs. Margaret Mallory, of Milton; Mrs. Elizabeth Fish, of Lewistown, and Mrs. Margaret VanTilberg, of Elkhart, Indiana.

Mr. Hunter was a life-long and active member of the Methodist Episcopal church. During the Civil war he served as a member of Company C, Third Penna. Provisional Cavalry. He served as a court crier for ten years during the term of the late Judge John G. Love. His occupation was that of a carpenter and builder, his handiwork being applied in the construction of many of Bellefonte's homes and business places.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

J. H. SANDS, ALMOST 88

Was One of the Oldest Citizens of Bellefonte—Resident Here 47 Years—Born in Germany and Came to United States When a Young Man.

Wonderfully well preserved for one of his years, and enjoying good health until some time in September of last year, the venerable John H. Sands died at his home in Bellefonte on Friday, February 14th, at 1.30 A. M. At the time of his death he was aged 87 years, 11 months and 1 day. He was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, men in Bellefonte and had been a resident of the town for 47 years. Funeral services were held from the late home on the afternoon of Monday, February 17th, at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Walter H Traub, of the Lutheran church. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. The services were largely attended, particularly by those of the older generation of citizens.

John Henry Sands was born in Germany March 13, 1825. Like many other young men born in that country, he came to the United States when quite young to avoid service in the army. While living in New York he visited his home country on several occasions. In 1866 he finally drifted to Bellefonte and engaged in the bakery business, his location being that now occupied by Joseph Ceader. Quite a number of years ago he retired from active business, although at one time or another was associated with the late Governor Curtin, Adolph Loeb and others in the glass works, nail works and other local enterprises. He was a genial, substantial citizen, known and respected for his honesty and integrity and was universally liked.

Surviving to mourn his passing away is one daughter, Mrs. Louisa Sands Lane, and these grandchildren: James B. Lane, of Leetonia, Ohio; John H. Sands Lane, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. R. H. Fay, of Altoona, and Fred and Eskridge Lane, at home.

Entertainment at Milesburg.

The Young Peoples' Society of the Milesburg Methodist church will give an entertainment in the lecture room of the Methodist church, Saturday evening, March 1st, at 8 o'clock. "Holly Tree Inn" from Dickens' story, "The Holly Tree," and a laughable sketch entitled, "Scenes in a Restaurant," will be presented. Admission 15 and 25 cents. Everybody invited.

Elopement at Orviston.

Orviston has had a full fledged sensation on its hands for the last week or more, the wife of a well known resident skipping out by the light o' the moon with her two children and a "star boarder" in the family. The husband of the woman is more concerned about his two children than he is about her whereabouts. He is a highly respected citizen and at one time resided at Blanchard.

Sale Netted $2675.

The Ammon Gramley sale, nearby Bellefonte, was well attended on Tuesday. The proceeds footed up $2675. Horses brought especially high prices.

To All Delinquent Subscribers.

"The Republican" management is again compelled to assume the unpleasant duty of asking all subscribers who are in arrears to make prompt payment to this office. About two years ago we received perempt orders from the Post Office Department at Washington to clean up our subscription list in compliance with the postal laws. It was an embarrassing duty to drop from our list many subscribers whose honesty was not questioned to the slightest degree and whose intention to pay as soon as convenient was never doubted for one moment. Nevertheless, the Post Office Department at Washington gave us no alternative and we were compelled to bow to their orders or suffer penalty of exclusion from the mails.

Last Thursday "The Republican" received from the Post Office Department another order to clean up our subscription list. Our attention was again called to the rigid requirement of the postal laws. Under the law we are prohibited from sending the paper to any subscriber in arrears more than one year unless we have from such subscriber a specific order to continue sending the paper and also a specific promise to pay the amount in arrears. The notice from Washington contained the instruction to enforce the requirement at once. To make sure that the order is obeyed by us we are compelled to furnish the Post Office Department a sworn statement of the facts.

We would therefore ask each and every subscriber who is in arrears to co-operate with us in complying with the postal laws. We would far rather not annoy subscribers with such notices, but as may readily be understood we are not given any choice in the matter. We greatly appreciate the spirit which has prompted so many of our subscribers to make prompt payment and we feel confident that others will adjust their accounts at once rather than have the publisher suffer, and suffer unjustly. We have made the foregoing frank statement so that the situation may be fully understood by those directly concerned. If in the near future we are compelled to drop from our list those in arrears more than one year we trust that the subscribers in question will know and realize that the action was beyond our control.

$900 FOR LINCOLN LETTER

Estate of Philipsburg Man Gets High Prices for Autographs.

Signatures of kings and queens, popes and princes, statesmen and authors, whose names have been welded with the world's history in the last five centuries, were sold at auction in Philadelphia last Saturday.

But among them all, above the sign manuals of czars and emperors at whose behest millions bowed, the most coveted was a letter written by a son of America's common people, Abraham Lincoln. This brought $900, the highest price of the day's sale, says the Philadelphia North American.

It was the last day of the auction of the collection of the late John Mills Hale, of Philipsburg, Pa., and was held at Freeman's. Altogether the sale netted about $25,000. The price next highest to the Lincoln letter was $650 for a missive by Martha Washington, while a letter written by George Washington was next in rank. This brought $340.

Considering the vast number of autographs left by Washington and Lincoln, living in comparatively recent times, against the few left by men of hundreds of years ago, the prices brought at the sale are said by dealers to be quite remarkable.

The Lincoln letter is dated April 14, 1860, from Springfield, Ill., and is addressed to James F. Babcock. In it Mr. Lincoln assures Babcock that he had been "very anxious for the result in Connecticut, and is much gratified that it is all safe"; meaning, of course, his election in 1860.

It seems that Martha Washington rarely signed her letters with her full name. Moreover, the lady, according to the historians, was so occupied with her wifely duties that she seldom penned a letter of any sort, and when she did, it was just such an informal notes as that which was sold recently. It bears no date and talks of sending thirty-seven pounds of butter and a barrel of apples to a neighbor.

Kings and queens of England were in considerable favor at the sale. A single signature of "Good Queen Bess" led the list to the tune of $70. Henry the Eighth, the lord of many wives, drew the same price, though this was a complete double folio parchment, dated 1540. The buyers were willing to part with twenty-six perfectly good dollars for a signature of Charles the First, but they thought 80 cents quite sufficient for a copy of the warrant ordering the chopping off of his head.

The highest price for czars of Russia was $40, paid for the signature of Peter the Great. The kings of Sweden made an even poorer showing, their highest being the illustrious Adolphus Gustavus at $11.

COURT CONTINUED

Judge Orvis Postpones Session Owing to Small Criminal List.

Judge Orvis on Saturday, last, handed down a decree continuing the regular February term of Court. It is explained in the decree that this action was prompted by the small number of criminal cases on hand. The sanitary conditions of town, Judge Orvis states, are greatly improving and reassuring and that there exists no reason why citizens should not freely come to the county seat. The decree of Judge Orvis follows:

Decree of court continuing the February term of court for 1913.

And now, February, 15th, 1913, it appearing to the Court that there will practically be no causes for trial for either the First or Second Week of the February Term of Court, 1913, and the District Attorney representing that the Criminal list is of a very short and trifling nature, we are convinced that both litigants and the County of Centre should be saved the expense necessarily resulting from a term of Court, and the entire list, both civil and criminal is continued generally.

As this order is made for economical reasons only, we do not wish these reasons to be misunderstood. We have made careful investigation as to the sanitary conditions of this community and find them greatly improving and of a generally reassuring character.

There seems to be no reason why the citizens of the County should not freely come to the County Seat for the transaction of business or other purposes.

Now therefore the Prothonotary is directed to notify all jurors summoned NOT to APPEAR as commanded and also to notify the constables to make no returns to this Term of Court at this time, and also to notify all attorneys of this decree.

By the Court,

ATTEST: ELLIS L. ORVIS, P. J.

D. R. FOREMAN,
Prothonotary.

FOUNDRY HAS 16 MEN WILL DOUBLE NUMBER

C. A. Roberts, of Oil City, Named President of New Co.

BUSINESS IS GROWING

Will Cast Every Other Day to Meet Demands of Increased Orders—Shipments Being Made to Warren and Other Western Points.

Hats off to Company L, 12th Infantry, composed of young men from Bellefonte and other parts of Centre County. At the recent annual regular army inspection, conducted by Major Charles S. Farnsworth, U. S. A., Company L, made such a fine showing as to prompt Major Farnsworth to write a special letter of praise to Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart, at Harrisburg. The record scored is a splendid tribute to Captain Wm. Brown, Lieutenants Taylor and Blackford and every member of the Company.

The inspection was one of the most rigid and thorough that the local guardsmen have ever experience, but notwithstanding that fact they came through with colors flying. Adjutant General Stewart on Friday of last week addressed the following letter to Captain Brown apprising him of the report made by Major Farnsworth:

1. The Adjutant General quotes for your information report made to this office by Major Charles S. Farnsworth, U. S. Army, relating to the recent inspection of your command, and which reads as follows

"Company L, 12th Infantry, at Bellefonte, gave one of the best drills I have seen in the Organized Militia, the drill in the Manual of Arms being equal to that seen in the better companies in the Regular Army. The excellent appearance of this company was marred only by the absence of 16 enlisted men. The general drill of this company in the Schools of the Soldier and Squad, was very good, and in the School of the Company, excellent. The company officers and non-commissioned officers are all much interested and give their commands and explanations for movements with energy and confidence. With minor exceptions the property was in excellent condition."

2. The Adjutant General assures Captain Brown of his appreciation of the splendid work that is being done by the officers and enlisted men of Company L, 12th Infantry, and upon the efficient condition of the command, which is a matter of satisfaction and congratulation.

(Signed)
Thomas J. Stewart.

Remember This.

Pretty nearly everybody at some time or other needs something in the line of printing. Hence this little reminder. At "The Republican" office you can get anything in the line of fine job printing. Orders for printing may be sent by phone or mail with assurance that they will receive the same careful attention as if brought in person. We endeavor to give every order personal attention, and our prices are standard. Keep these facts in mind when you happen to need printing of any description. Letterheads, envelopes, billheads, statements, programs, cards—anything in fact from a sale bill to a calling card. No order too large or too small, and always the best of workmanship and prompt delivery.

Got Younger Every Minute.

James H. Potter, of the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co., spun off the following good one a day or two ago. A man who had been in poor health was advised to take a trip West. The attending physician assured him that he would get better and feel younger at once. The patient obeyed orders. When he landed at Pittsburgh he telegraphed back: "Feel 5 years younger already." From Chicago came this telegram: "Feel 10 years younger now." From St. Louis came this telegram: "In bully shape. Feel 25 years younger." Several days later the physician received a telegram from the Mayor of San Francisco which read: "Your patient died today from cholera infantum."

Clearfield Auditors Finish.

The Clearfield County Board of Auditors completed the audit of the county books several weeks ago. The audit is one of the largest of any county in the State.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

Says Code Cost Centre County Schools $1100.

County Superintendent of Schools D. O. Etters has written an article in which he discusses the operation of the school Code in Centre County. One point he emphasizes is that the Code costs Centre County $1181.07 annually. The article was written for the State College "Times" and is as follows:

The new school law has not been as helpful, financially, to the rural counties as it was urged it would be prior to its passage. The old law, it was claimed, favored the cities and larger towns and to obviate this and make an equitable distribution of the state aid, the plan of distributing was changed. Under the old law one-third of the appropriation was based on the number of taxables, one-third on the number of schools, and the remaining one-third on the number of children between six and sixteen. Under the new law, one-half is based on the number of schools and one-half on the number of children between six and sixteen, thus eliminating the matter of taxables.

Below is given a tabulated statement of this amount of state aid paid to each district in 1911, under the old law, and also the amount paid in 1912, while is the first distribution under the new law. It will be noticed that which a few districts gained slightly in 1912, many more of them lost in the change from the old to the new plan. This falling off is explained by the state department as being due to the fact that there has been no increase in the amount set aside by the state, and as the number of children in the state has increased, the rate on each pupil and teacher is necessarily decreasing, consequently any district in which there has not been an increase in the number of children between six and sixteen will receive less appropriation than formerly.

The fact that one-half of the state aid is based on the number of children between six and sixteen, makes it very important that those, who are entrusted with making the enumeration, shall make a most careful canvass of the district in order that no child of proper age shall be overlooked.

It may happen that at the time the enumeration is made some young people may be absent from the district temporarily, as when a boy or girl works out in the summer months. These should be counted in the enumeration as belonging to the district.

It will be seen by looking at the table given below that our county has lost more than eleven hundred dollars in the distribution of 1912 over that for 1911. There is quite a bit of dissatisfaction on the part of rural counties with the plan of distributing the state aid, and there is a strong feeling that the plan should be changed so as to be more helpful to the sparsely peopled sections of the state.

If Centre county, also, feels that a change should be made, let the school authorities urge their wish upon our representative in the general assembly; and there is no question but what he will bring the matter properly before the legislature and will use his voice and influence to have such change made in the method of distributing the state aid to schools as will seem to be just and fair to all sections of the state.

When it is noted that the number of children, between six and sixteen in Philadelphia in 1910, which was the last year the appropriation was based on the old method, was 245434; and the number in 1911, the first year under the new law, was 282596 or a gain of 37162 children, a gain of over 15 per cent; and the enumeration in 1912, the second year.

After the new basis has been established is 284333, or a gain over the preceding year of only 1737 children which is a gain of sixteenths of one per cent, on the numeration of 1911; it would seem to indicate that a specially careful enumeration was made by the city officials in 1911, the year which brought the change of plan in giving state aid, or that 1911 chanced to favor Philadelphia, very greatly in the growth of her school population. And what was true as to the growth of Philadelphia in 1911 seems to have been true in greater or less degree of other large cities of the state. From this it can be seen that the rural counties are not likely to fare as well under the present plan of state aid as it was supposed they might.

The table follows, and the figures are exclusive of appropriation on account of minimum salary and high schools.

Districts	1911	1912
Bellefonte	$3310 60	$3131 64
Benner	1281 40	1206 72
Boggs	1750 35	1769 84
Burnside	456 20	464 76
Center Hall	532 45	466 74
College	1097 35	1124 91
Curtin	951 30	703 71
Ferguson	1817 55	1859 04
Gregg	1949 40	1818 09
Haines	1418 80	1337 49
Half Moon	617 00	630 45
Harris	792 60	804 06
Howard Boro	641 95	543 96
Howard Twp.	909 70	848 97
Huston	667 75	699 75
Liberty	1346 20	1336 14
Marion	617 10	592 83
Miles	1413 75	1317 69
Milesburg	515 70	415 89
Millheim	614 20	520 20
Patton	913 10	810 00
Penn	976 95	906 39
Philipsburg	3107 30	3922 39
Potter	1789 20	1699 29
Rush	3117 85	3286 43
Snow Shoe Boro.	615 50	587 52
Snow Shoe Twp.	1711 65	1763 19
South Philipsburg	440 55	329 40
Spring	2874 35	2779 20
State College	1217 25	1287 99
Taylor	603 60	632 43
Union	814 20	808 02
Unionville	353 35	285 84
Walker	1303 50	1272 78
Worth	861 25	969 12
Total	$43,398 95	$42,217 88
Loss	$1181 07	

Laymen's Missionary Convention.

Great enthusiasm is being shown in Blair County over the coming convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement to be held in Altoona, February 23, 24 and 25. The churches throughout the city and in a number of the towns through the county are organizing a special canvass to enlist their men for the convention.

A great program has been arranged. This will be one of fifty conventions held this year throughout the United States. Some of the world's greatest speakers are on the program.

The convention supper will be held Monday night, February 24th, seven-thirty, in the Seventh Street, Pennsylvania R. R. Paint Shops. At least two great addresses will be heard at this meeting. J. Campbell White will be the principal speaker. Mr. White is recognized to be one of the greatest speakers in the world today and a man who has been the great prime mover of this great movement that circles the world.

Sent Pepper by Parcels Post.

Pepper in the parcel post put the Burlington, New Jersey, postoffice temporarily out of business several days ago. An epidemic of sneezing and coughing swept through the office immediately after the opening of a pouch, claiming as victims the entire force from Postmaster Davis to the janitor. Even patrons coming into the office sniffed the air suspiciously and then went into paroxysms of coughing.

Assistant Postmaster Holland finally located the trouble in an innocent looking package that had been damaged in transit. It contained freshly ground pepper.

A score of handkerchiefs fairly fluttered a Chautauqua farewell as weeping clerks watched a sniffing rural carrier transport the package to his cart.

Don't Get All Run Down.

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb remedy, try Mother Gray's Aromatic-Leaf. As a tonic, laxative it has no equal. All Druggists, 50c. Ask today. Sample free. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Read "The Republican' one dollar in advance

Child Fatally Burned.

Edgar, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Williams, of Tyrone, died at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Snyder, also of that place, from burns received at an early hour last Friday. The parents left on Wednesday on a visit to friends in Bald Eagle valley, leaving the home in charge of the children, the eldest, being a daughter aged eleven years. While the little girl was in the yard after a bucket of water, Edgar, her three-year-old brother, in some way set fire to his clothes. In an instant he was a mass of flames. He ran to the front porch and the screams of the little folks attracted Walter Copenhaver to the scene. The fire was extinguished, but not until it had played its part most successfully in sapping away the life of the lad. The boy was carried to his grandparents' home and Dr. Stonebraker summoned. Upon examination it was found that the boy was fatally burned. The flesh on his face, hands, arms and the front of the body was fearfully scorched.

Postmasters by Ballot.

Primary elections to select fourth-class postmasters are provided for in an amendment to the Post Office Appropriation bill which the Senate Committee has added to that measure. The bill is now completed.

The amendment regarding fourth-class postmaster was adopted on suggestion of Senator Bristow, of Kansas, although his original provision was much modified. It will apply only to fourth-class offices, and it will be optional with the Post Office Department as to whether the system shall be used.

In that event it authorizes elections, and it is made obligatory upon the Department to appoint the person receiving the highest number of votes.

Permanence for Old Teachers.

Bills to provide for permanent employment of teachers who have served continuously for 10 years to public schools, and to create teachers' auxiliary boards in each county, were introduced into the House Thursday, last, by Mr. Martin, Dauphin. The auxiliary teachers' bill proves that teachers who have served 30 years shall be named to act as supervisors or inspectors and be paid the average salary of teachers in active service.

The Danger of Lying In Bed.

Lack of muscular exercise is the first result of lying in bed. As a result the appetite is weakened, the digestive action slows down and the muscles of the stomach and abdomen cease to act upon the intestinal mass. When the body is in a recumbent position the heart works with the least expenditure of effort and the least fatigue and the circulation and the functional activity are decreased. But unless the subject is exceptionally vigorous all the benefits are counterbalanced by dangers. In bed the subject is shut away from fresh air and sunlight. The result of that deprivation is a condition similar to anemia. But the supreme menace to the weak or the aged confined to bed is the clogging of the pulmonary circulation, an action which frequently results in passive congestion of both sides of the lungs. For this reason the simple fracture of a bone may be the cause of death, because when the patient lies in bed there is no movement of the muscles to act as an incentive to deep breathing.—Harper's.

The Aristocratic Montenegrin.

The Bulgarian may not have a liking for domestic service, but he is a born agricultural laborer. According to a recent traveler, if you give him a barren piece of land he will make it blossom like the rose, while his Montenegrin brother will stand and look on. On the other hand, the Montenegrin placed in a drawing room always behaves like a gentleman, while the Bulgarian in the same environment cannot help being a boor. "But then," says the London Chronicle, "it is said the Montenegrins are the descendants of Servian aristocrats who fled to the mountains to seek freedom. The explanation is thin, but pleasing. Of one claim to culture, however, Montenegro cannot be deprived—she established a printing press at Obod only twenty years after Caxton began his labors, and she printed beautifully. But the Turks made 'pi' of everything, and the press was not re-established till 1832."

The Drunkard's Cloak.

One of the quaint instruments of torture in England in olden time was a device known as the drunkard's cloak. It was made of wood and in shape resembled a huge inverted flowerpot. Through the small circular aperture in the top was thrust the neck of the imprisoned inebriate. The weight of this ancient counterpart of the straitjacket fell on the victim's shoulders and was sufficient to make every bone in his body ache. With his hands practically pinned to his sides and the garment reaching almost to the ground the only motion allowed him was a slow shuffle of his weary feet as he dragged his way painfully along. One can well believe that any one who had been compelled to don the drunkard's cloak would be very apt to come to the conclusion that a high old time was not worth having at the price.

Rivarol's Wit.

Antoine Rivarol, the French epigrammatist of the eighteenth century, was so brilliant that something good was expected of him every minute. Once when he had been invited to dinner, at which the hostess especially wished him to shine, he sat quite silent. The attitude of disappointed expectancy in the company nettled him, and at last Rivarol made a stupid remark. Everybody uttered an exclamation.

"There," said Rivarol, "I cannot say a stupid thing without every one's crying, 'Thief!'"

At a dinner in the house of some Germans he made a joke. His hosts put their heads together inquiringly. Rivarol said to his neighbor, a Frenchman:

"Look at the Germans pooling their wits to understand a joke."

Nests on the Water.

It is almost unthinkable that a bird should build a nest on the water. Yet that is exactly what the grebes always do. With reeds, grass and plant stems the grebe makes a regular floating island, somewhat hollowed out on top, usually near the open water of a marshy or reedy lake. We have several kinds of grebes, but their nests are much alike, sometimes moored to the reeds, but usually floating freely on the water.—St. Nicholas.

Hyphenated Episode.

"What has become of your hyphenated friend?"

"My hyphenated friend?"

"Yes; your friend Mr. Wombat-Wombat."

"He is ill of beri-beri."

"Where?"

"In Walla-Walla."—Exchange.

Point In Verbalism.

Professor (to class in composition)—Some one in the class recently referred to a woman as of "medium size." Please avoid this expression in referring to a woman. It smacks too much of commercialism. Freshman—But, professor, she might be "on the market."—Judge.

Hitting Him With the Truth.

Mr. Boastful—I wonder how it would seem if I could have all the money I have given to charity piled on a plate before me. Mrs. Boastful—I think you could still distinguish the plate.

Sets Logic at Defiance.

"There is no effect without a cause," quoted the wise guy.

"How about when a woman changes her mind?" asked the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

NEW PAPER MONEY

Bank Notes Will be Much Smaller Than Those Now in Use.

Within the next month or two, if present promises are kept, our citizens will witness the greatest revolution that has ever been made in the size and appearance of paper money in the United States. Each one of the two billion notes of that kind now in circulation will be supplemented by uniform pieces of currency about a quarter-size smaller than that now used. If the comment occasioned by the establishment of the Parcels Post, the Rural Free Delivery and every other innovation Uncle Sam has made in the last twenty years could all be rolled into one, it would not bring forth a tenth part of the popular interest which will be manifested when the people realize that each and every piece of paper money is to be changed. That day will sound the doom of the counterfeiter who now raises a one to a ten, a ten to a twenty, a twenty to fifty dollar bill, or in fact, misrepresents any denomination, says Leslie's weekly.

The value of the new bill will be apparent on sight. Any note with Washington's portrait on it will be one dollar, Jefferson's, two dollars, Lincoln's, five dollars, Grover Cleveland's, ten dollars, Alexander Hamilton's, twenty dollars, Andrew Jackson's, fifty dollars, Franklin's, $100, John Marshall's, $500, and so on. It would then be utterly impossible for a forger to boost a one dollar bill to a ten dollar bill, as is so frequently done, because within a few months after the system has been in vogue every man, woman and child will have learned that George Washington's picture stands for one dollar, and not ten. We will then have the safest and simplest system of national currency in the world.

This reform has been contemplated for years. It now looks as if Secretary MacVeagh will have the honor of inaugurating the progressive step. At least, to him will go the credit, and rightly so, for the radical departure. Our present forms of paper currency are so numerous and varied in appearance as to puzzle the most astute bank teller. It is a fact that there now are 12,000 national bank note plates at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Each one of the 7,000 national banks in the country has its own kind of paper money struck off. It would make the average accountant dizzy should he try to remember the various ramifications in design. Such a task would be beyond a human being. There lies the principal reason for so much counterfeit money constantly passing muster. With the reform system, 200 plates will replace the 12,000. National bank notes will then be like other notes, except that the name of the particular bank will be engraved thereon.

As they stand today, five dollar United States notes bear the figure of a woodsman armed with ax and rifle, and a vignette of Andrew Jackson. On the five dollar national bank notes is a portrait of Benjamin Harrison with the landing of the Pilgrims on the reverse side. As contrasted with this variation, the new five dollar note, be it bank or Treasury, will bear the potrait of Lincoln, as stated before. Its back will be of standard design. All notes will be the same in this respect. Their backs will look alike, be they one, ten, or ten thousand dollar denominations. To determine the denomination, the user will have to turn the note's face upward. And just there will be another great advantage for the system. The notes to be—on the face side—will bear a distinctive border, one thoroughly standardized, for it will appear the same on each and every note. Bank tellers and careful citizens will soon become so familiar with this border that they will be able to detect at a glance any attempt at imitation.

There are no finer engravers anywhere than those in our government's money factory. Once the public has fixed its mind on the standard face of one of these bills, it will take such a counterfeiter as has yet not been discovered to make a duplication which would pass its scrutiny. The principal thing the passer will have to watch will be the denomination. He will then be able to give his entire attention to the fact, which I repeat, that a one dollar note should bear the face of Washington, a two dollar bill, Jefferson, a five spot, Lincoln, and up accordingly. It will be necessary for him to look on only one side of the note for the denomination, instead of two, as now, and the average American citizen will then know more about the paper currency of his own nation than he ever did before.

Inauguration

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Washington

March 1, 2 and 3, 1913

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CUT AND MAIL TO DAY

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name..... Age.....

Post Office .....

State..... Street and No.....

Curiously enough, we had to turn to the money which we are now engraving for our little brown brothers, the Filipinos, for the decided change in the size of the new currency notes. Our present bills are seven and two-tenth inches long, and three and four-hundreths inches wide. The new bills will be six inches long by two and a half wide. The advantage of the smaller bill is that it will have to be folded less than a larger one. It will fit the pocket-book better. The paper will be more sanitary. The note will require less space. Such currency will be more economical, because it will last longer. The average life of paper money in the United States is less than three years. It is then in such a wornout and filthy condition that it must be replaced.

At present the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is turning out 300,000,000 pieces of paper money each year. It will be no easy task to supplement our paper currency system. Owing to its enormity, it will not be possible to make such a change over night. It would take a string of 5,000 two-horse wagons to haul the two billion pieces of money which are now supposed to be in circulation. It is estimated that the reform will reduce the tonnage of this money by one-third. When it is known that it costs us almost $5,000,000 a year to manufacture our paper money, something of the great saving may be realized. As soon as the new designs have been officially acted upon and approved, the Treasury Department expects to proceed with their manufacture. No authorization is necessary from Congress to sanction this step. Then, as soon as the reserve supply of notes of any denomination needs replenishing, the diminutive paper will be substituted. I have been confidentally assured that this change may take place as early as within the next sixty days. It would mark the most interesting currency reform that we have ever seen

Tener's Club License Bill.

A bill embodying the ideas of Governor Tener in regard to licensing clubs which desire to dispense liquor has been introduced into the House at Harrisburg.

Under the provisions of the new bill clubs would be licensed by Quarter Sessions Courts and pay one-half the rate required for license of places for the retailing of liquors. The license would be granted to a club, and a responsible member who is to have complete control of the dispensing of liquor on the premises, and a copy of the agreement giving such member authority is to be filed with the application.

The application must include statements of the name and date of incorporation of the club, its location, names of all officers and members, property owners, and if not owning property, a copy of the lease.

Judges may refuse licenses, if satisfied that the license would be a menace to the community, or if not made in good faith within the provisions of the act, and may revoke all licenses.

Clubs receiving licenses can sell only to bona fide members, and may not sell on Sundays, general or primary election days, to intoxicated members or to people or may desire to drink off the premises.

A $2000 bond is required of all applicants, and violation can be punished by fine of from $500 to $5000 or imprisonment from three to twelve months.

William H. Wilson Dead.

William H. Wilson died on Saturday night last at his late home in Altoona. His death was due to heart trouble. He was born on September 3, 1858, in Philipsburg, and was a member of the Fifth Avenue Methodist church at Altoona for over twenty years. Surviving are his wife and these four children: Mrs. Esther Hughes, Ruth and Paul Wilson, of Altoona, and Arthur Wilson, of Harrisburg. The deceased was employed in the Juniata erecting shop and was on the rolls of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for twenty-two years.

Meets Financial Reverse.

The Blue Goose cafe at State College has met with financial reverses and last week was closed by the sheriff. The liabilities are said to be upward of $1800. The assets are said to be considerably less.

"Suffered day and night the tormen of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.—Advt.

Railroad's Fire Record for 1912.

The smallest loss from fire experienced by the Pennsylvania railroad system in thirty-four years is shown in the railroad's record for 1912.

To protect more carefully the property of its shippers which might be in freight stations or in transit, and also its own plant, the Pennsylvania has, in the past five years, enlarged its fire fighting system and so improved its method of inspection that railroad employes now extinguish many fires which formerly would have gained headway and caused consequent losses.

As showing the steady improvement in efficiency, in 1909 the company's employes extinguished 274 fires out of a total of 1,397 which occurred on railroad property. In 1909, out of 929 fires the railroad's own men put out 321. In 1910 they extinguished 379 fires, in 1911, 450, and in 1912, 454 out of a total of 905. The steady increase in the efficiency of the fighting brigade was further developed last year by special training of employes and equipping additional locomotives in yard service with special apparatus for use in case of fire.

A circular is to be issued by the Insurance department giving the causes of all fires on the Pennsylvania railroad east and west of Pittsburgh in 1912, in order that the employes may realize that their efforts to minimize losses from fire are appreciated and further that their attention may be called to the number of fires occurring from preventable causes.

Including the fires to which the city fire departments were called, the total loss of only $219,892 resulted from the 905 fires on Pennsylvania railroad system property during 1912. This loss was exceedingly small, comparatively, as the value of the property endangered was in the hundreds of millions.

Bucktail Veteran Dead.

James McDowell, who was born in Curwensville 74 years ago, died suddenly at his home in Sligo, Clarion county, last Wednesday morning, of heart failure. He had previously suffered from an attack of la grippe, but his death was unexpected. The deceased was a brother of Samuel McDowell, of Juniata. He is survived by the other brothers, George, of Frogtown, Clarion county, and William of Clearfield, also by two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Tate, of Mahaffey, and Mrs. Milton Shirey, of Woodland. He is also survived by seven children. He was a veteran of the Civil war, a member of the famous Bucktail regiment, participating in many engagements, including the battle of Gettysburg, where he was wounded. He was a life-long member of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Mrs. Rebecca Wighaman Dead.

Mrs. Rebecca Wighaman died at her late home at Tyrone on Saturday of last week. Funeral services were held on Tuesday, interment being made at Huntingdon. Deceased was born at Myerstown, Pa., December 1, 1850. Surviving are these children: Mrs. C. Reese, of Tyrone, Mrs. Maggie Reed, Bellefonte; Mrs. Anna Seibert, Philipsburg; Mrs. Rachel Templeton, M. P. Wighaman, and A. J. Wighaman, all of Tyrone.

Death of Noted Author.

Charles Major, author of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and other novels, died last Friday at Shebbyville, Indiana, from cancer of the liver.

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Hannah Payne's Mulberry Tree

A Feud Between Two Friends

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was a small tree, but it had a wide spread of branches, and when the large leaves were out they formed a dense shade that quite hid the view from Hannah Payne's windows as well as it deprived her left hand neighbor, Abigail Hodson, of any glimpse of the village street.

Once several years before this story opens Abigail had crawled through the gap in the fence that divided the two houses and knocked at her friend's back door.

"Hannah," she said, with a note of complaint in her voice, "what do you think?"

"Well?" queried Hannah sharply, for she resented Abigail's complaining tone.

"When I got up this morning I noticed the mulberry tree had leaved out so I couldn't see a mite of the road. It makes it dreadful lonesome not to see anything at all."

"Well?" repeated Hannah.

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Abigail, with asperity.

"Nothing," Hannah had said.

"I thought maybe you'd break off a long branch of it so's I could have a view."

"It cuts off my view, too," returned Hannah.

"I should think you'd want to see the street. You always set store by seeing the street," persisted the tactless Abigail.

"I've got enough work to do without peeking at the street," said Hannah loftily.

That was the beginning of the bitterness between Hannah Payne and her friend Abigail Hodson. From a cold nod the breach widened until they did not speak at all, and then early one morning Abigail arose and replaced the three pickets that had been removed from the dividing fence. Hannah heard the sound of the hammer and came to the window, but she said nothing, only the stubborn look remained on her face.

Three years had passed, and the mulberry tree throve mightily. It sent out broad green leaves that cast a denser shade over Hannah's house and kept the sunshine from the rooms. She had to keep a keener watch over her books and clothing, for the little house seemed damp, and mold gathered quickly on different articles.

The fruit ripened on the tree, and the birds came and carried it off. During the season when the mulberries were ripe the birds came in flocks to feed upon them, but Abigail Hodson would have scorned to touch one of the ripe berries, although in the past she had been very fond of them.

On this particular summer morning it was very dull in Green lane, where the two women lived. Abigail had finished her housework at 9 o'clock and taken her sewing out to the front porch. She could see Hannah Payne rocking to and fro on the next porch, but neither woman could see beyond the low hanging branches of the mulberry tree.

All at once there was the sound of drum and fife and a distant murmur of voices from the street. Abigail recollected that a small circus was to parade that morning, and in the evening there was to be a performance in a tent on the village green. Abigail was a Baptist and did not dream of going to the circus, but Hannah Payne would go. Hannah was a Baptist, as were her forefathers, but they all went to the circus.

It was rather lonely there on Abigail's porch. The honeysuckle vines screened it well, and there was no sign of life except the frenzied darting of a ruby throated humming bird among the flower trumpets, the buzzing of bees and now the sound of approaching music.

If Abigail Hodson had not been so proud she would have tossed aside her sewing and hastened to the front gate, from which point she might have looked down the lane and watched the circus parade go along the main street. But she did not stir. If she had Hannah Payne would know that Abigail was suffering inconvenience from the obscuring mulberry tree, and that would give Hannah Payne a chance to laugh at her one time friend, and that privilege and advantage Abigail Hodson would not permit.

Abigail Hodson snapped a needle and tossed the broken pieces into the grass. "I wish I could cut that old tree down," she muttered, not knowing that the same unspoken wish was in Hannah's heart, not realizing that her anger against the tree was stimulated by the feud it had caused much more than by the lost view of the village street.

"I wish I could cut the old tree down," repeated Abigail again and again, and with each repetition of the desire there grew upon her the conviction that the tree must be cut down or things would never be right for her in the world.

She sat out on the porch until sunset and then went in and prepared supper, but she did not eat any. After supper she went out and sat in the gathering gloom of the porch. She saw Hannah Payne go away dressed in a white gown, and she knew that Hannah was going to the circus. Abigail's bitterness increased. She yearned to go to the circus herself.

At last, when darkness settled over Green lane and the cricket orchestra was in full swing, Abigail arose with a determined air and walked around her house to the woodshed. There were no other houses in Green lane, and she had the quiet little place to herself. Deliberately she chose a hatchet from the several that were ranged along the wall and in the darkness tried its edge with her thumb. Satisfied, she went out into the lane and gained Hannah Payne's front yard.

Under the mulberry tree it was very dark, and Abigail knelt down and ran her fingers around the trunk until she found a place where she knew the bark was rough and scarred. A horse had nibbled the trunk when the tree had been a mere sapling.

Then, to the music of the circus band playing down on the green, Abigail Hodson smote the mulberry tree blow after blow on the rough scarred place. The hatchet was sharp, and her thin, wiry arms were strong, and the blade bit deep into the tree. A brisk northwest wind was blowing, and Abigail had barely reached the heart of the tree when a hard gust came. There was a splitting, crackling sound, and she had scarcely reached a place of safety before the mulberry tree crashed down, breaking the fence in its fall.

As if suddenly impressed by the gravity of the deed she had committed, Abigail Hodson stood for several moments as if stunned. Then with a frightened glance around her she picked up her skirts and scudded home again. No guilty murderer could have cleaned the telltale instrument more carefully than did Abigail her hatchet after the fall of the tree.

Then she hastily changed her dress, locked her house and ran down Green lane. Five minutes afterward she entered the circus tent. Yes, for the first time in her life Abigail Hodson went to a circus.

Hannah Payne saw her and nearly tumbled off her narrow seat. She crushed the bag of peanuts she had been consuming into her pocket and craned her neck to see where her erstwhile friend would sit. Abigail took a seat directly opposite Hannah Payne. All the people stared very hard when Abigail came into the tent, because they knew that her father and her grandfather had disapproved of circuses, and when the Hodsons disapproved of anything their stubbornness was quite as remarkable as that of the Paynes.

Abigail Hodson broke all precedents by entering the tent, and there was little doubt that her fellow church members would require an explanation. In the meantime she must enjoy it if she could, for never again would she have the inspiration, provocation, desperation—call it what you will—sufficient to sustain her during such a trying ordeal.

Such was her excitement concerning the mulberry tree that she did not enjoy the circus at all. The clowns appeared silly, the horses old and decrepit compared to the graceful animals depicted on the billboards; the lonely elephant looked muddy and ancient beyond all belief; the performing dogs were foolishly self conceited. This was Abigail's estimate of her first circus.

When it was over she crowded forward to make her escape from friends and acquaintances who might have seen her there and asked embarrassing questions. She was almost the first one to leave the tent, and she sped away down the street with feet that barely touched the ground. She made up her mind that Hannah would guess who had committed the deed, and she, Abigail, would not deny it. She would stoutly maintain that the tree was a nuisance—a public nuisance—and if Hannah Payne wanted to begin a suit against her she could have the papers served at any instant.

By this time Abigail had reached Green lane and was toiling up its steep incline. Ahead of her in the darkness she could see the darker bulk of the fallen tree, and as she reached it she hesitated. Behind her there came hurried footsteps—those of Hannah—but Abigail was rooted to the spot. She could not move an inch, no matter what happened.

Hannah Payne's voice came in advance of her spare figure. "That you, Abigail Hodson?" she queried sharply.

"Yes," she said dully.

"What's the matter? I know something awful has happened; if there hadn't you wouldn't have been at the circus! What's the matter?" panted Hannah, approaching.

"You can get the sheriff!" moaned Abigail.

"What's the matter? What's that?" almost screamed Hannah Payne, pointing to the fallen tree.

"I cut down your mulberry tree. You better go get the sheriff," persisted Abigail faintly.

"Good Lord, Abby, I never was so thankful for anything in all my born days!" ejaculated Hannah Payne. "I would have done it myself only the Payne streak in me wouldn't give in! Good riddance, I say, even if the fence is broke. I was thinking I'd take it down, anyway, and the one between our houses. It would make one nice big yard and seem more friendly." Hannah was talking fast to hide her embarrassment and delight.

"I shall like that," half sobbed Abigail, and then she gently fainted away on Hannah Payne's strong shoulder.

As Hannah Payne half led, half carried the unconscious form of her friend into the house she felt a return of the old masterful feeling that had marked all their association in the past. "I don't know what would become of you, Abigail Hodson, if I wasn't here to look out for you," she muttered happily, and then her lips brushed the cheek of her restored friend.

Don't Guide a Man.

"We were late," groaned the girl, who was tired, "because we went fifteen blocks out of our way."

"Why did you do that?" asked an unsympathetic brother. "Why didn't you keep your eyes open and take the right car?"

"I did," said the girl. "I knew which way to go, but my escort got confused, and I didn't dare to put him on the right track. If I had he would never have forgiven me. I have lost the friendship of three interesting men by that very evidence of strongmindedness. Experience has taught me that, next to being caught in a fib, the thing that most riles a man is to be guided by a woman. To wander around like a babe in the woods, to retrace his steps half a dozen times and finally to arrive somewhere an hour late are blunders that he can cover up with one excuse or another, but for a woman to take the lead and say, 'We want this car,' or 'We must go this way,' presupposes a state of lamentable ignorance on his part and makes him hate that woman forevermore."—New York Times.

Already Had It.

A southwestern sheriff, visiting New York to take a prisoner back to his district, was turned over to an inspector, who was to be his amusement guide. They wound up at an east side hall, where there were a few dips present.

After a half hour the inspector called one of the crooks to one side and said:

"See that tall man with the sombrero?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"He's a Texas bull I'm showing around, and I think it would be a fancy idea if you could nick him for his ticker."

"Nix; you're trying to put me in bad."

"Nothing like it—purely a joke, that's all. To show you I'm on the level I give you my word that you won't get in trouble, and I'll give you a five dollar note for his watch."

"All right. Here it is." — Chicago Post.

A Board and a Paper.

Take an ordinary board two or three feet long, such as a bread board, and place it on the table so that about one-third of its length will project over the edge. Unfold a newspaper and lay it on the table over the board. Any one not familiar with the experiment would suppose the board could be knocked off by hitting it on the outer end. It would appear to be easy to do, but try it. Unless you are prepared to break the board you will probably not be able to knock the board off. The reason is that when the board is struck it forces the other end up and the newspaper along with it. This causes a momentary vacuum to be formed under the paper, and the pressure of the air above, which is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, prevents the board from coming up.

Classic New York.

There is probably no better illustration of the irrelevancy of certain place names than that afforded by the classic names of many towns, villages and cities in the state of New York. By way of illustration, the following names from the single county of Cayuga may be mentioned: Auburn, Aurelius, Brutus, Cato, Conquest, Genoa, Mentz, Scipio, Sempronius and Venice. In Onondaga county are Apulia, Camillus, Cicero, Delphi, Euclid, Fabius, Manlius, Marcellus, Memphis, Mycenae, Pompey and the large city of Syracuse. In Seneca county are names like Junius, Ovid and Romulus. Other large cities in other parts of the state are named Rome, Utica and Troy.—Report of American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

Some Apple Terms.

In describing the fruit the word "base" means the part of the apple at the stem end; "apex," the portion at the blossom end; "cavity" is the depression around the flower end; "calyx" the so called flower in the apex of the apple. The general form is referred to as being "round," "oblate," "conical" and "oblong." As regards size, apples are said to be "small" when two and one-half inches in diameter or under; from two and one half to three and one-half inches they are termed "medium" and above this "large."—Rural Californian.

Two Letters.

Nelly—What kind of a letter did your husband write when he was away?

Wife — He started "My Precious Treasure" and ended by sending "love."

"How did you answer?"

"I started with 'My Precious Treasurer' and ended with 'Send me £5.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Solved.

"Twelve persons for dinner! Aren't you crazy to invite so many?"

"We might invite a thirteenth. That would perhaps take away their appetite."—Paris Sourie.

Dainty Fare.

Customer—Four pounds of black pudding, please. Pork Butcher—Yes, sir, in a minute. Customer—Serve me at once. It's for an invalid.—Paris Liberte.

No Returns.

Hokus—So she didn't return your love, eh? Pokus—Return my love? Why, she didn't even return my presents.—Town Topics.

Wasted Time.

No boy, when he applies for a job at any business man's place, is asked if he is an expert at playing pool.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Laugh at Your Burden.

Most of us are bending under the burden of some great load. It may be care, it may be disappointment, it may be injustice, it may be physical pain or spiritual discouragement, but it is heavy. Often it seems heavier than we can bear, and we cry out and protest. These burdens are very real, but really they are not half as big and heavy as we make them, declares a writer in the Universalist Leader. We have had them upon our shoulders, entirely out of our sight, so long that they have been magnified by imagination or weariness or impatience until they seem unbearable. Now, then, whatever your burden may be, however long you have been carrying it and however proud you may have become of your self imposed martyrdom, just take your burden down and look at it honestly, and you will be surprised how it has dwindled away while you have been magnifying it in your mind. Look at it frankly and fearlessly and in nine cases out of ten will your tears be turned to laughter and your sighing into song.

A Scene In the House of Lords.

Once when the late Lord Ritchie was president of the local government board he was very anxious to hurry a certain bill through before the end of the session.

Lord Ritchie saw his bill through the commons and then strolled up to the lords, where he found three peers in a private room seated before three empty tumblers.

"Is this the house of lords?" he asked with a touch of sarcasm.

"It is," was the reply.

The minister sniffed. "Do I smell whisky?" he asked.

"You do," said one noble lord. "You may observe that the glasses are empty. Unless they are immediately refilled one of us will go, you will not have a quorum, and your bill will not go through."

So the president of the local government board comforted the house of lords with whisky, and his bill was passed.—London Tit-Bits.

A Spider and a Fish.

"The amazing strength of spiders is shown in a number of well authenticated instances," a biologist says. "Thus we have an instance of a half inch spider catching a two inch fish. It was of the ground or wolf family. A scientist came upon it struggling with a fish on the edge of a little pool. Its claws were buried in the fish's tail. It had the tail out of the water, but the head still remained underneath. Like a fiend the spider struggled to pull the fish up on the bank, and the fish struggled desperately to draw the spider into the pool. For ten minutes the scientist watched this silent and deadly fight. Then he hurried away for a bottle in which to put the combatants when he captured them. He was gone about half an hour, and on his return the end had come. The fish was dead, and the spider was slowly dragging its victim away."—London Express.

The Greatest Epic.

The greatest epic given in any language "on the score of sublimity" is Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of but little practical value, Milton's great poem is, as a mind expander, the most masterful thing in the world's literature. To be under its influence is like standing out under the star filled dome of the heavens. It appeals with tremendous power to the sense of the sublime in us and lifts us up to the peaks of wonder, awe and reverence. Homer is, of course, marvelous, and Dante is among the gods, but Milton overlaps them all when it comes to mental and spiritual uplift and enlargement. The "Paradise Lost" serves no utilitarian purpose, but it helps us to feel "God, freedom and immortality."—New York American.

Coleridge and His Books.

Coleridge before his death had parted with most of his books. Yet there was a time when the author of the "Ancient Mariner" hoped that his heirs would profit largely by the sale of his collection. He even went so far as to leave word that, "in case of my speedy death, it would answer to buy £100 worth of carefully chosen books in order to attract attention to my library and to give accession to the value of books by their coexisting with coappurtenants." When his estate was realized, however, there were no surplus funds to spend on coappurtenants.—London Spectator.

As Usual.

"I'm so glad to see that you have recovered from your illness."

"Yes, but I had a narrow escape. The doctor said if I had waited a day longer it would have been hopeless, and they all said it was the only case of its kind on record. The doctor is going to write it up for a medical paper. The only thing that carried me through was my wonderful vitality."—Judge.

Daily Obligations.

"By George, I don't know what we are coming to! It's getting harder and harder to meet one's ordinary obligations."

"What's bothering you—taxes?"

"Taxes nothing. Tips!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That Tired Feeling.

Tommy—Pop, ennui is merely being tired of doing nothing, isn't it? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son, with the addition of being too tired to do anything else.—Philadelphia Record.

Life is a battle, not a parade, and it is for us to make today's defeats tomorrow's conquests.

The Markland Company

There Was a Problem to Be Solved In Its Affairs

By F. A. MITCHEL

The Markland Manufacturing company was running down. It had for years been the pride of Centerville, and the citizens were fearing that they would lose the factory, which employed a thousand men and was besides a good advertisement for their town.

The reason why the Markland company was going to ruin was that the stock was owned by two different families, each of which was trying to secure the control. It had been organized and started by a Markland. At his death his partner, an Osgood, had taken the management of it and built it up. At his death a meeting of stockholders was called, and it was discovered that exactly half the stock was held by the Markland and half by the Osgood interest. Naturally a deadlock was the result. Neither party would give way to the other, each hoping to secure a few shares or even one that would give a majority and consequent control.

Months passed without either securing an advantage, and, there being no head to the concern, it was losing ground rapidly. When it seemed that the feud must be settled or the company go out of existence Edward Fleming, the attorney for the Marklands, resolved to unite the two factions by stratagem. There were two persons in each, Vinton Markland and Alice Osgood, whose united stock would make a majority of the whole. Both were young, well educated and attractive. Markland was rich outside his interest in the company that bore his name. Miss Osgood was dependent entirely on the dividends declared on the Markland company's shares she owned.

Mr. Fleming resolved to make a match between the two. They had never met. Markland, who was an orphan, had gone to a boarding school at eleven years of age, from there to college and from there abroad without having once returned to his home. Miss Osgood's life had been spent principally at Centerville. Fleming called upon her and after making it plain that if the affairs of the Markland company should remain in their present condition much longer she would be without an income secured her assent to a meeting with young Markland with a view to marriage. He then wrote Markland, who was in Europe, informing him of the condition of his interests in the Markland company and advising his return at once to look after them. Upon the young man's arrival the lawyer unfolded his matrimonial scheme. Markland had no desire to encumber himself with a wife and flatly refused, saying that rather than make such a marriage he would prefer to lose all his stock in the Markland company. Nevertheless he had no objection to meeting the lady provided he should not be placed in a position as refusing to make her his wife.

Fleming, after an interview with Miss Osgood, assured him that no such construction should be put on any act of his and that the young lady would receive him simply as a visitor. Fleming advised him to go at a time when he would not be expected, that he might find the lady her usual self. This put an idea into the young man's head. The Osgood grounds adjoined his own. He would watch for an opportunity to join the young lady without making a formal call or her knowing who he was.

One bright winter morning, when the snow glistened in the sun, he passed through an opening in the hedge separating the two places and sauntered toward the Osgood home. Coming upon a conservatory, he saw through the glass a young woman cutting some flowers. Thinking her to be the lady of his quest, he opened the door and entered.

"Beg pardon," he said. "Is this the Markland place?"

"No; that is the Markland place next on the west. This is the Osgood place."

"Oh, thank you! I hear Vint Markland has returned from Europe. He is an old friend of mine, and I am looking him up. You are Miss Osgood, I presume."

"No; I am the governess of Miss Osgood's little sister."

"Indeed. I presumed Miss Osgood was an only child. I am hoping to meet Miss Osgood. I own a little stock in a manufactory in which she is interested. I understand that something must be done about its management and that there is to be a meeting of shareholders for the purpose of concerting a plan."

"Will you permit me?" said the young woman, advancing to place a flower in his buttonhole.

"Thank you very much. Very kind of you, I assure you."

"Perhaps you would like to talk with Miss Osgood now about those shares you speak of. I think she is disengaged."

"I dare say a conference might be of some benefit."

The young lady led the way into the house and ushered Mr. Markland into a very pretty room where a hearth fire blazed brightly and, leaving him there, went up stairs, presently returning with a card from Miss Osgood, on which she had written that she was slightly indisposed and begged to be excused. Would the gentleman kindly give his views to Miss Leland, the governess, who would transmit them to the writer?

Miss Leland being rather pretty and evidently inclined to detain Mr. Markland, he settled himself in an easy chair before the fire. They discoursed for awhile on the affairs of the Markland company, which he knew little about, then branched off on to other topics. He found Miss Leland not only competent to instruct a child, but to give him information on a variety of subjects. Nevertheless she had the art to make it appear that he knew a great deal more than she and to be listening to the words of wisdom dropped from his rather than her own rosy lips. He spent an hour with her and was about to take his departure when she said that she would report what he had said about the Markland company to Miss Osgood and let him know if she had any further message for him.

Miss Leland was gone some time and when she returned had doffed the simple morning costume she had worn and appeared in a more becoming if not more elaborate toilet. She said that Miss Osgood had been much impressed with his suggestions with reference to a settlement of the Markland company problem and hoped that if he would call again she might be able to add to them herself. She desired that he would remain to luncheon and would consent to be entertained by Miss Leland as her representative.

Markland was much pleased at the way the affair was progressing. The luncheon proved enjoyable, and while at table Markland took occasion to direct the conversation upon Miss Osgood. Her representative was quite willing to talk about her and gave her the highest praise. But when Markland questioned her in detail she did not respond favorably.

"Is Miss Osgood beautiful?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I should not call her that."

"Intelligent?"

"I fear she is rather inclined to common sense."

"That's the highest kind of intelligence, to my thinking. She's something of a business woman, isn't she?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, she seemed to understand my suggestions with regard to the Markland company."

"Yes; I think Miss Osgood knows enough about business to take care of her own interests."

"How?"

Miss Leland thought for a few moments, then said, "She has told me—but I suppose I shouldn't speak of that."

Markland urged her to do so, and she continued. "There is a movement on foot to unite the separate interests by a marriage with your friend Mr. Markland."

The visitor pricked up his ears.

"Together they would hold a majority of the stock and the control. I may as well confess that I have mentioned the matter to you by Miss Osgood's order, because she wishes me to learn from you something about Mr. Markland."

"I shall be very happy to inform her," replied Markland, with a suppressed chuckle. "Proceed to question me."

"Is he handsome?"

"On the contrary, he is very plain."

"Is he considerate and deferential toward women?"

"As for that, I can only say that he would make an excellent husband."

Miss Leland ceased her questions and after some thought said:

"I can assure you that Miss Osgood, whatever her delinquencies, would make a good wife. You have assured me that Mr. Markland would make a good husband. It seems to me, therefore, that it only remains for them to meet and see if they are agreeable to each other."

"Exactly."

"Would you say as much to your friend?"

"I will be most happy to do so. I am going to his house from here and will tell him at once."

"And give him an invitation, please, to call on Miss Osgood tomorrow morning at the same hour you called today."

"Be assured that I will."

Markland went away chuckling. How admirably he had played his game! And what a simple, confiding, lovely creature was the governess! What a surprise there would be tomorrow when he announced himself as Vinton Markland!

The next morning he read his newspaper, thinking the while of his new found charmer, the governess, and intending to keep his appointment merely for the purpose of continuing his acquaintance with her. At the appointed hour he went over to the Osgood place, rang the doorbell and, being admitted by a maid, sent up his card and was ushered into the same room as before. In a few moments Miss Leland entered, holding his card in her hand. Markland expected to see her start on seeing him. On the contrary, she advanced to greet him with a "Good morning, Mr. Markland."

But instead of saying anything more in words she said a great deal by a blush, which spread over her features.

"Miss Leland," Markland stammered. She interrupted him.

"Pardon me for having deceived you. I am Miss Osgood."

"Miss Osgood! And you knew me?"

"I did."

"How?"

"Mr. Fanning, when he spoke to me about the—the Markland problem, showed me your photograph."

Within a couple of weeks a meeting of the stockholders of the Markland company was held, and Vinton Markland voted a majority of the stock, and not long after a wedding occurred between him and Miss Osgood.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 20, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

HIGH PRICED ECONOMY.

When the Democratic national platform declared in favor of rigid economy at Washington there were some who took it seriously. Not everybody swallowed the buncombe, but there were some who really believed the platform makers meant what they said. The latter have just had an illustration of what Democratic economy means. They are glad the Democratic platform didn't declare for liberality at Washington since "rigid economy" turns out to be a $25,000,000 appropriation bill for pet schemes of members of Congress.

For Mr. Underwood's home district the "pork" bill carries appropriations footing up $1,000,000. This isn't so bad as indicating Mr. Underwood's conception of "rigid economy." Mr. Underwood happens to be the Democratic floor manager of the Democratic House. As the big boss on the floor he got the biggest slice out of the "pork" bill. And so it went, all down the line. The House being Democratic by an overwhelming majority, and the Democrats being so fondly devoted to "rigid economy," the bill put through carried the biggest hunk of "pork" of which there is any record. To prevent revealing which ones voted for the bill and thus save them from scourging at the hands of outraged citizen, the Democratic managers manipulated matters so that there was no aye and nay roll call. Thus there would seem to have been not only "rigid economy" but the "fullest publicity" on the deal.

It was not surprising that one or two Democratic members were so shocked by the repudiation of party platform pledges that they rose in their seats and appealed to their colleagues to save themselves from their folly. One member bluntly characterized the bill as "the rottonest of which there is any record and far, far worse than any in the days of Cannonism." Such an indictment coming from a Democrat and hurled at Democrats should have caused the plunderers to hesitate in their mad scramble to loot the treasury. The fact that it did not, together with the fact that the Democratic managers knew in advance that there could be no escaping the responsibility, would seem to suggest that the "rigid economy" plank in the Democratic platform was forgotten before the ink was dry on the paper on which it was written. And all this happened within a very few miles of Princeton, N. J., with not so much as a word of indignation, not a murmur of protest. Perhaps Governor Wilson wasn't at home.

One might well be pardoned for asking: If rigid economy costs $25,000,000, what would reasonable liberality cost? The fact that it may cost some Democrats their seats in Congress unfortunately will not restore to the treasury the $25,000,000 which rightfully belongs to the people.

BUILDING ROADS.

There is more or less complaint that the State roads being constructed here and in other sections do not stand the wear and tear naturally expected from them. To this is due much of the antagonism as exists toward Commissioner Bigelow and the State Highway Department. To the same cause is due virtually all the opposition there may be to the proposed $50,000,000 loan for road building.

If the truth were known, or at least more generally spoken, it would become the more clearly understood that the people are not opposed to building good roads and that they do not believe that the workmanship on the roads already constructed has been particularly faulty. The trouble seems to lie in the fact that the roads lack permanency and this is due largely to a failure thus far to use a uniform standard material or materials in road building that have been demonstrated to last more than a few years. When a piece of road is to be built in a certain community there is at once the strongest kind of pressure on the builders to use local products. This pressure naturally comes from those having these products to sell. If the Highway Department refuses to adopt such products local antagonism soon develops. If it does adopt them and the roads do not stand the test of time there is antagonism and dissatisfaction just the same. Some of the products offered may not be at all suitable for road building but this fact makes little difference to those having them to sell. The Highway Department is damned if it uses unsuitable materials and it is damned if it goes into outside markets for something better.

The roads hereabouts for the most part have been well built but it must be apparent to all that the material used is not the best for the purpose. Roads surfaced with brick cost slightly more than others, but they wear much longer. They require little or no repairs and in the end the net cost of the two may be in favor of brick. However, were the Highway Department to adopt a uniform system of using brick only there would no doubt be a vigorous protest against the first cost to the people to say nothing of riotous indignation voiced by persons with other road building materials to sell. If brick roads are the best, and it would seem that they are, then let us have brick roads even though we must have fewer of them all at once. The sooner the Highway Department is able to find a material that will make road improvements permanent and then adopt that material for all road building, just that much sooner will the present dissatisfaction disappear. The people are not opposed to spending money for good roads. What they want are good roads that stay good.

Appointed Philipsburg Postmaster.

Congressman Patton has recommended to President Taft the appointment of Charles H. Guelich as postmaster at Philipsburg. All indications are, however, that Postmaster Gowlaud will continue to serve until some time in March or April, possibly even longer. The Democrats in the Senate are unwilling to confirm any of Taft's appointments and it seems hardly likely that Mr. Guelich's selection will fare any fate other than that of being held up until after President Wilson assumes office. That will of course, mean the appointment of a Democratic postmaster for Philpsburg.

The Friends We Might Have Made.

The most pathetic phase of life is a realization of the friends that we never make, the friends that might have been made by just exerting ourselves a little more. Who ever contemplated the loss of friends that he might have made by just releasing a little of his self centered reserve? We appreciate the person who always greets us at meeting day after day. It is so easy, so simple, to spread the halo of happiness about us that we often overlook it and go through the world thinking that every smile and every good impulse we have is not worth while unless bartered away for something in exchange. There life loses its whole value. It is when it comes from within with a worthy motive that happiness is truly ours —National Magazine.

Proof Positive—Perhaps!

Two young women were exchanging confidences one afternoon as they sipped their tea. "He didn't tell me he loved me," said the younger of the two, with a happy reminiscent smile, as she toyed with her spoon, "but he kissed me." "Well," replied the other, "he must love you if he kissed you!"—London Mail.

His Retort.

Laird—Well, Sandy, you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand straight up like me, man? Sandy—Eh, mon, do you see that field o' corn over there? Laird—I do. Sandy—Weel, ye'll notice that the full heids hang down and the empty ones stand up.

Under Medical Advice.

Irate Tailor—Now look here, Mr. Scribb, this has gone on long enough. I demand a check right now. Impecunious Author—Sorry, Snip, old man, but my physician has ordered me to quit writing altogether for three months.—Harper's.

Poor Mrs. Youngbride.

"I don't believe the story, do you?"

"What story?"

"About Mrs. Youngbride. They say that she went into a butcher's shop the other day and, seeing a side of spare ribs on the counter, she remarked, 'Why, I didn't know you kept xylophones here!'"—Boston Transcript.

The Soft Answer.

"Father, do all angels have wings?"

"No, my son; your mother has none." And then she said sweetly that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Motto.

It is only the thinking man who says things worthy of utterance. Some talk the livelong day, yet say nothing. Hang this motto on the wall of memory, "Speak little; say much."

No one need wait for time to practice kindness.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catharine Gray.

To the satisfaction of equal suffrage sympathizers, the resolution to submit the subject to a vote of the people has passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 131 to 70. The bill was introduced by Representative Rockwell of Tioga Co. It is stated that Mr. Rockwell urged the passage of the resolution on the ground that it is a direct application of the principle of the referendum, and he also pointed out the fact that the state platforms of all parties contain equal suffrage planks.

It is said that by those who spoke against the measure all the old hackneyed stock arguments were produced. One member is actually quoted as saying, "What woman is there who would not be influenced by the welfare of her children? Do we want to see that sort of influence in politics?" This line of argument is said to have been too much for the members, who began to demand a roll call. If such an argument were not absurd, it would be amusing. However, the member inadvertently stated a deeper truth than he may have dreamed of. The welfare of the children may be said to be the most powerful motive actuating women to "break into politics." Fortunately, there are on that side, which is without doubt the side of right, enough men interested in the welfare of the children to help the cause along. The class not interested in the welfare of the children includes the beneficiaries of special privilege, who consider their own welfare above everything else, and the conservatives, who are so steeped in their own prejudices that "none of these things move them" unless it be something which comes directly home to them.

Is anything to be said against the sort of influence which brings into existence proper laws which will insure suitable educational opportunities, decent living conditions and protection from vice? Those who are opposing equal suffrage now are opposing the future welfare of the whole race. Equal suffrage has become a party issue. Those who vote for it are voting for the preservation and improvement of the human creature. Those who vote against it are arrayed on the side of the saloon, the white slave traffic, special privilege, the degradation of women, and all other vicious interests.

At last the death knell of the "sweat shop" has been sounded. Shorter working hours for women and children and the prohibition of work for all children under fourteen years are going to come to pass in spite of the combined efforts of special privilege adherents to have it otherwise. In New York state, an investigation brought out the fact that children ranging in years from three to fourteen were being worked with their fingers tied up in rags in canning factories. Babes of tender years are lifted from their wretched little beds almost before dawn and sent to the factory to work before their tired little bodies have had opportunity to recuperate from the previous day's overexertion. This system is likely to be abolished from an economic standpoint, if not a humane one, as captains of industry are beginning to recognize the fact that such labor lowers the standard of industrial production.

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly,
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

At Penn State, a campaign was carried on during the first week in February, which will no doubt result in distinguishing the College as a leader in a new movement in cooperation with college students. During the next year, this movement is likely to spread throughout the country. Fully twenty speakers were present to take part in this educational campaign of civics and philanthropy, included in which are the various phases of social reform work.

Prominent among the speakers was Graham Taylor, President of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, founder of the Chicago Commons Settlement, commonly known as "The Commons," and editor of "The Survey," a magazine devoted to social work. One phase of Mr. Taylor's work is that of saving girls from white slavery. He has come face to facs with the various aspects of this traffic and he has many horrifying and heart-rendering experiences to relate. His life has been threatened by its agents. His statement that people remote from the centers where it is carried on have little conception of the methods of the system or its horrors is illustrated by one of the experiences which he related. A young girl who came from the country to Chicago fell a victim to white slave kidnappers. Mr. Graham succeeded in rescuing her and to guard against further harm took her to his own home. For a whole week three carriages containing white slave procurers drove around the block in which he lived and it was not even safe for members of his family to be in the yard. At last it was found that Mr. Taylor's own daughter was being shadowed by the procurers and then he employed detectives to guard each member of his family, five detectives to each member. He had detectives watching detectives. On an evening when the family of Mr. Taylor and the young girl were in church, one of the kidnapper was observed to be standing in the door and pointing a pistol at the girl. He next leveled the pistol at Mr. Taylor who immediately started down the aisle toward him. As soon as the kidnappers discovered what Mr. Taylor's intentions were, he took to flight. He was overtaken by a detective, however, and is now safely lodged in the State penitentiary at Joliet.

It is Mr. Taylor's statement that there are fifteen prostitute men to every prostitute woman, and that the reform of the white slave traffic and the double standard of morals is man's problem. This new real school of social reform teaches the protection of women and children by men and not their exploitation. It is slowly dawning on the people how great has been the wrong to both sexes caused by having two standards of morality. If it is true that white slavery has existed for four thousand years, it is also true that it came to us out of the dark ages when man was nothing better than a savage. If it is true that man was created "only a little lower than the angels," we are prompted to exclaim "Alas! how are the mighty fallen."

If all men could have the experience of a Philadelphia father, who was presented to his own lovely daughter of tender years by the procuress who had secured at his own solicitation just the victim that would meet his desires, the protection which men give to women would not be a boasted one simply, but it would be a wholesome and loyal one.

President-elect Wilson with a message in regard to votes for women. It is expected that they will reach the capital by March 1 and parade on March 3, the day previous to Inauguration Day. Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley is Chairman of the Hospitality Committee, and Dr. Wiley's "pure food baby" will be carried in the parade if the weather is propitious.

Winter Wheat Safe.

"The winter has not injured the wheat crop, and from reports I have received very few fruit trees have been damaged through the coming of cold waves after periods of unusually warm January weather," said A. L. Martin, deputy secretary of agriculture, at Harrisburg, in discussing the crop prospect reports received by him in the last ten days. As a rule, farmers have reported conditions as favorable, and the cold weather of this week has not given uneasiness, except in some exposed places.

"The wheat, of which there was a large acreage sown last fall, has been well rooted, and I have noticed it in many counties lately," continued Mr. Martin. "It is strong and has passed through the cold weather very well. In some counties snow fell sufficiently to protect the wheat in high localities. So far as fruit trees are concerned, I do not think even the peach crop will be harmed."

Martin has received reports which indicate that in some of the southern counties farmers took advantage of the warm days in January to do considerable plowing, which is unusual in this part of the state.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the postoffice for the week ending February 17th, 1913: Samuel Bell, E. M. Bingaman, Miss Greta Bickel, Ebon B. Bright, Morris H. Housel, Jno. Lesh, Penna. Sanitary Oonstruction Co., Dr. F. W. Sunaday, Joseph Veda, James Wartman, Harry Worman, (2).

When called for pleased say advertised n "The Republican."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity, Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature, in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HOT BISCUIT,

hot cakes, made with ROYAL Baking Powder are delicious, healthful and easily made.

Miles Henry Taylor Dead.

Miles Henry Taylor, residing at 1528 Eighteenth street Altoona, shortly before noon last Friday was stricken with paralysis while at work on the Pennington repair tracks at East Altoona, and before he could be conveyed to his home he died at the passenger station at 1:30 o'clock. Members of the family arrived at the station just a few minutes after he had passed away.

Mr. Taylor was apparently in his usual health when he went to work and when stricken about 11:30 o'clock, was at work under a car. Several painters passing along noticed him lying on the track with his hands to his head and finding him in a semi-conscious condition carried him to the men's waiting room and made him as comfortable as possible on a couple of benches. Company Surgeon Brubaker, of Juniata, was summoned, rendered medical aid and advised that he be kept quiet for at least two hours before an attempt be made to remove him to his home or the hospital.

During the noon hour Foreman Pennington left him in charge of a clerk and several other men, and when his condition became worse he communicated with Dr. Brubaker and his removal to his home was advised. He was placed on an engine and shortly after he reached the passenger station he passed away.

Miles Henry Taylor was born in Centre county and was aged 51 years. He had resided in Altoona for some years and was employed as a car repairman by the company. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and is survived by his wife and these children: Vira, Hazel and Edward, at home, Claire, of Altoona and Leo, of Pitcairn. He is also survived by two sisters and three brothers, as follows: Mrs. John Coe, of Sinking valley; Mrs. John Morrison and Alexander Taylor of Half-Moon valley; Elmer Taylor, of Juniata, and V. T. Taylor, of Stover Station.

Malon Haven Dead.

A telegram received at Pine Grove Mills announced the death of the venerable Malon Haven, who passed away at Danville last Saturday night. His death was due to a complication of diseases but cancer of the mouth hastened his end, death really being largely due to starvation. Had he lived until April he would have been 77 years old. The last fifteen years of his life were spent at the St. Elmo hotel at Pine Grove Mills, where his kindly hospitality and generosity were known to and appreciated by the traveling public. He was a man who always had a glad hand and a warm greeting for all and by the many who knew him he was well liked. He was a life-long member of the Methodist Episcopal church and an active member of the I. O. O. F. His remains were met at Oak Hall station on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock and escorted to Ennisville for interment. He is survived by two brothers, Washington, of Indiana, and John, of Tyrone, also by two sisters, one of whom is Agnes, of Harrisburg. He was a cousin of Reed Randolph, with whom the old Patriarch made his home.

Miss Maizie Bennison Dead.

Miss Maizie Bennison, a sister of the late Captain Samuel H. Bennison, of Howard, died on Thursday last at her home in that place, as the result of several months illness due to a complication of diseases. Miss Bennison was born at Mill Hall about 58 years ago, and about twenty years ago she and several of her sisters moved to Howard from Nittany valley where they had lived for some years. She was a lady of a quiet and unassuming disposition and most cheerful and pleasing in her manner; a member of the Presbyterian church, a most sincere Christian lady. During her residence in Howard she won the friendship of all. Surviving her are three sisters, Mrs. W. R. Gardner, Mrs. J R. Sweeney and Miss Jane Bennison, all of Howard, the latter two and the deceased having made their home together.

The funeral services were held Sunday morning from the late home and were conducted by Rev. Carson of the Presbyterian church. Interment was made at the Cedar Hill cemetery.

Samuel Ratowsky Dead.

Samuel Ratowsky, a former resident of Philipsburg, died suddenly in Philadelphia on Thursday of last week. He is survived by one brother, Harry Ratowsky, and two sisters, Mrs. Jacob Press and Mrs. Sara Adelman, all of Philipsburg.

John Packer Dead.

John Packer, a resident of Pleasant View, Boggs township, died at his late home there on Monday at 5 o'clock. His death was due to pneumonia, aggravated by the bursting of a blood vessel. Deceased was 43 years old and was a son of Edward and Amelia Packer. Surviving are his widow and these children: Edward, Rosie, Henry, Margaret, Thomas and Verna. These brothers and sisters also survive: Ira, of Yarnell; Cleveland, of Orviston; Mrs. Kate Jacobs, of Yarnell; Mrs. Fannie Gilbert and Bessie, at home. Funeral services were held today at 10 o'clock, interment being made in the Curtin cemetery. Rev. Mr. Clark, pastor of the Milesburg Baptist church, officiated.

Mrs. Miles Lucas Dead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas, wife of Miles Lucas, died at her late home at Fairview, in Curtin township, on Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock. Her death was due to paralysis. Deceased was a daughter of Cline and Sallie DeHaas, her maiden name having been Elizabeth DeHaas. She has one daughter, Amelia, wife of Charles Chapman, with whom she made her home. Surviving also are a brother, Daniel DeHaas, and a sister, Isabel, both of Curtin township. Funeral services will be held today at one o'clock, interment in the Fairview cemetery.

Mrs. John Mulbarger Dead.

Mrs. Emma S. Mulbarger, wife of John Mulbarger, died on Monday morning, last, at 6 o'clock, at her late home near Axe Mann. Her death was due to pneumonia. Funeral services were held today at 9.30 o'clock, interment being made at the Shiloh cemetery. Deceased was born in Snyder County in 1866. Her maiden name was Shawver. Surviving are her husband and these children: John, Samuel, Orrie, Irvin, Annie and Sarah.

Fred Kelley Dead.

Fred W. Kelley, advertising manager of the Altoona "Mirror," died on Sunday evening at his late home at that place. He had been in failing health for several months. Deceased for many years resided at Milton. He was quite well known in Bellefonte.

A Rain Preventer.

About fifty years ago an invention was announced which would be acclaimed with joy just now. A German, Helvetius Otto, stated that he had discovered a means of preventing rain. He built a platform on which were placed some huge bellows worked by steam at a very high pressure. These were supposed to blow away any clouds gathered above. Otto maintained that these "pluvifuges" distributed throughout a town would enable the authorities to insure dry weather for so long as they thought fit. The inventor bore a high reputation in the scientific world, and his pluvifuge attracted attention. But it never proved practicable, and after a few months' experiment Otto gave up trying to fight the weather.

A Test of Big Heartedness.

The Countess von Voss recorded this human little story of the charming Crown Princess Louise, Frederick William II. presented her with the new summer residence of Oranienburg (which he had had newly decorated for her) on her first birthday as crown princess. At the end of the day he asked her if she still had a wish ungratified. The only thing left for her to wish for, said Louise, was a handful of gold for the poor. "How big?" asked the king. "As large as the heart of my generous papa," was her answer, and she had no reason to be dissatisfied with the result. This princess, who was so much loved when queen consort, was one of the two lovely daughters of Prince Charles of Mecklenburg.—"A Mystic on the Prussian Throne."

"White" a Misnomer.

The fallacy of the average Englishman who regards black as white has been noted by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the English writer. "People," he writes, "never ask whether the current color language is always correct. Ordinary sensible phraseology sometimes calls black white; it certainly calls yellow white and green white and reddish brown white. We call wine 'white wine' which is as yellow as a Bluecoat boy's legs. We call grapes 'white grapes' which are manifestly pale green. We give to the European, whose complexion is a sort of pink drab, the horrible title of 'white man'—a picture more bloodcurdling than any spectre in Poe."

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

W. T. Hall was a business visitor in Bellefonte on Wednesday last.

Chas. DeHaas returned home from Ebensburg last week, where he had gone to drive a team for A. L. Anderson & Bros., but on account of difficulties arising they were forced to abandon their work.

Miss Alice Pletcher departed on Wednesday last for Philadelphia where she will examine the millinery goods before going to her place of employment.

Frank Cassleberry, of Williamsport, and brother Lewis, of State College, were visitors in this place several days last week.

Misses Mae Dietz and Carrie Barger, of State College, were guests of Miss Hilda Wagner over night on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Long, of Pittsburgh, are visiting this week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hinton.

M. C. Gephart, the obliging music dealer of Bellefonte, was a pleasant visitor in our town on Friday.

Miss Isabelle Rowe, of Centre Hall, but now attending the Central State Normal School, was a week-end visitor at the home of J. H. Wagner.

Miss Myrtle Pletcher and Clair Leathers attended the Valentine party given by the Schenck sisters at their home in the ridges on Friday night.

Mrs. G. F. Boggs and daughter Marie, formerly of this place but now residing in Hollidaysburg, visited among their many friends here over Sunday.

A. D. Gladhill, formerly an operator in the tower here, and who was recently promoted, was again promoted to a higher position in the train dispatcher's office at Tyrone this week.

C. C. Cook was a visitor in Mt. Eagle one day last week.

A boy was left by the stork at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Bulkley on Saturday morning and is named George, Jr. Mr. Bulkley will now have help as an operator in the tower.

George Johnston, who was walking boss during the contract work of Anderson Bros. here, departed on Saturday, for Williamsport, Md., where they are working on another contract.

Paul Swartz, who has been spending the past two years in the "Land of Flowers", Florida, returned on Monday morning, anxious to see some cold weather and snow but was disappointed in his expectation.

A new son and heir arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Crider last Wednesday morning and will probably be christened Abraham Lincoln Crider, coming as he did on the birthday of that great statesman.

Blanchard.

Samuel Kline, who has had general charge of the big Crider farm for years, will on April 1st move onto the Smith farm, located not a great distance away. The new owners will take possession of the Crider farm when Mr. Kline moves off.

Christian Myers has sold his farm, located between Beech Creek and Mill Hall, to J. B. Rosser, the Lock Haven jeweller, the latter taking possession April 1st with Al. Glossner as tenant. Mr. Myers will take possession of the Jesse Harleman property, in Lock Haven, which he recently purchased.

Captain and Mrs. Walter B. McCaskey spent a night at the Mrs. Elizabeth Dunkle home last week, enroute from Lancaster to Buffalo, Captain McCaskey having been ordered to the latter place for service. He had but recently been assigned to take charge of the quartermaster's depot at Pittsburgh and while on a brief visit in Lancaster he received orders changing the assignment and directing him to proceed to Fort Porter.

Some splendid ice has been harvested in this section. Everybody who was on he job got all they desired.

Miss Cordelia S Bankert and Claire G. Clark, both of Altoona, were married at the Great Island Presbyterian parsonage in Lock Haven on Saturday, last, the ceremony being performed by the pastor, Rev. C H. Williamson. The groom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Q. Clark, of Beech Creek and for a time was employed in the C. R. R of Pa., offices at Bellefonte, later going to Altoona for the Pennsylvania Railroad. He has many friends in this section who wish him and his bride the greatest happiness.

At a recent meeting of the congregation of the Beech Creek Disciple church the following officers were elected to a term of three years: Elders, Charles W. White and Harry W. Packer; Deacons, John B. Miller, Hayes Strunk, Leonard J. Robb and George C. McGhee; Trustees, Charles W. Cook, Samuel N. Glossner.

Furst Crider's greenhouse was never prettier than at present and attracts attention and admiration from all visitors.

Unionville.

Boyd Stere was home on a visit to his aged grandmother for a few days last week. We would like to know for sure about the partner who accompanied him, but Boyd won't tell.

Irvin Holt celebrated his 19th birthday anniversary last Friday evening by giving a party to his host of young friends. Of course there was a general lay-out of good things to eat.

Remember the chicken and waffle supper on Friday and Saturday, February 21st and 22nd. The Ladies Aid Society is holding this supper for the benefit of the Methodist Episcopal church of this place. The supper will be held in the new Grange hall. Supper for 25 cents. Everybody invited.

Everett Parsons with his sister, Viola, of up the pike, left on Friday for a visit to friends in Pittsburgh and vicinity.

The Friends Quarterly meeting was largely attended on Sunday afternoon and many good and interesting topics were discussed.

Pine Grove Mills.

William R. Dale is among the sick.

Mrs. Emma Hess, of Bellefonte, is visiting her home of early days at Shingletown.

Tommy Glenn, whose genial face is always found at Joseph's store, spent last week with his parents here.

Mrs. Mable Martz, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visting with her many friends in the valley.

Mrs. John Musser, of the Sucker State, is spending several weeks with old acquaintances in Penns valley.

Miss Lizzie Bloom is ill at her mother's home, suffering from a serious attack of laryngitis.

Ernest W. Hess is housed up with tonsilitis and injuries inflicted by a vicious Deacon.

Jared Mayes, of Milton, is having a rollicking, good time at Grandpa Segner's.

Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Penns cave, visited friends in the valley last week.

Miss Miriam Irvin, of Lewistown, is visiting old friends in and about Baileyville.

The ladies' supper served in the Town Hall Saturday evening was well attended and netted upward of $50.

Mrs. George O'Bryan, of Axe Mann, is visiting with grandpa, G. W. O'Bryan, on Quay Street.

The chicken and waffle supper at Boalsburg, in Boal Hall, was a success socially and financially. About $70 was realized and the boys are correspondingly happy, the funds being sufficient to furnish the pulpit anew.

Miss Margaret Glenn is again under the doctor's care.

Mrs. J. H. Meyers is suffering a relapse. She had just recently returned from the Philadelphia hospital and the indications are that she will have to return and undergo an operation.

Grandmother Julia Musser is quite ill and has been very near the border line, suffering from a complication of diseases. Owing to her advanced years her condition naturally gives her family and host of friends no little concern. She is over 90 years of age but all hope she may be spared for many more years of usefulness.

Mrs. Miles Mattern, accompanied by Miles Jackson, of Bellefonte, enjoyed a drive on Sunday morning and spent the day with their old neighbors, Henry Houcks, west of town.

Mrs. John H. Strouse had a close call for her life one night last week. While going down the steps with a lighted lamp she missed her footing and fell, demolishing the lamp and sustaining some ugly bruises about the face, head and shoulders. Fortunately the light was extinguished, thereby preventing a serious conflagration.

Last Sunday evening the church at Gatesburg came near going up in smoke, only being saved by a passerby giving the alarm and volunteers quickly responding and extinguishing the blaze. During the absence of the janitor the flames came from the heater, destroying the lecture room and furniture. At a recent meeting it was decided to build a new edifice of brick casing on the plan of the new Lutheran church at Pine Hall. As soon as the weather permits operations will be begun and pushed through to early completion.

Master Harry Fisher, of Akron, Ohio, is having a joyous, good time at his grandpa's, Dr. Krebs' home.

Norman Young, of Altoona, is home for a few days.

Quite a little excitement was caused a day or two ago when Ray Albert tripped over the stove in Sam Martz's shoemaker shop, upsetting the stove and causing a blaze which for a few seconds threatened to wipe out the place.

The Valentine social held at the Daniel Irvin home by the Ladies Mission Band was a success and the treasurer's purse was considerably puffed out. Miss Ella VanTries, of Tyrone, and Miss Miriam Irvin, of Lewistown, were guests of honor.

Mrs. Charles Homan is ill, suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

John Houck is handling the ribbons over a new stepper that he is training for the fair.

W. S. Tate last week bought the Johnson property on West Main Street and will occupy it April 1st.

A congregational meeting is called to be held in the lecture room of the Presbyterian church, March 10, at 7.30 P. M.

Farmer John Harpster is housed up with a complication of troubles that will keep him on the shelf for some weeks to come.

Rev. R. M. Campbell has been off duty for several weeks and in the clutches of the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Gardner spent Saturday at State College.

C. H. Martz transacted business at the County Capital last Friday and Saturday.

Madisonburg.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Fiedler, of Madisonburg, gave a farewell dinner on Sunday prior to the departure of their son Harry and daughter Miss Maude. The happy gathering was composed of the friends and relatives of the Fiedlers, and the dinner was characteristic of the good folks who served it. The hours were pleasantly spent in social intercourse and music and the event proved a delightful one to all present. Mr. Fiedler and Miss Fiedler departed on Wednesday for Illinois, where Mr. Fiedler will manage a large farm and his sister will make her home with him. They were accompanied west by Allen Royer and Henry Brown, also of Madisonburg. Those who gathered to bid the young people God-speed were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shull, George and Katie Shull, B. F. Frankenberger, Ammon Snook, Mrs. Catherine Fiedler, Mrs. J. E. Reber, Mrs. Susan Swartz, Mrs. Ellis Shaffer, Mrs. Bertha Royer, Misses Mabel, Pearl and Catherine Royer, Allen Royer, Miss Fairy Stover, Mrs. W. E. Yearick and two children Fred and Lila, Miss Annie Harter, John L. Steele, Miles and William Royer, Harry Homan, Ray Yearick.

Mt. Eagle.

Well, everybody is busy storing away ice for next summer.

Those who attended the funeral of the late Miss Ella Hall at Howard included Grandma Leathers, Miss Florence Leathers and your scribe.

The handle factory has been idle for the last week, Mr. Leathers, the proprietor, being busy cutting props and clearing off his tract preliminary to planting an apple orchard in the spring.

Miss Alice Reeder was up to Curtin doing some shopping a day or two ago remaining there between trains.

Mrs. Franklin Deitz spent Tuesday in Bellefonte with her brother-in-law, Ammon Gramley, who is having sale and preparing to move out west, where he has rented a farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barnhart, of Renovo, were arrivals here on Wednesday morning of last week, stopping over to see the former's uncle, Samuel B. Leathers, who is quite poorly.

Groceryman J. F. Deitz was quite busy last week distributing a car of coal among his customers in and nearby town.

The Lucas brothers, from the ridges, recently loaded a car of chemical wood for shipment to Perry County.

About thirty-five of the foreigners who had been at work on the railroad job here departed last Friday for Hagerstown, Maryland, where they will be employed on another contract of the Anderson Bros.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant was a shopping visitor to Howard on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ward Daughenbaugh and daughter, Miss Julia, of Howard, took supper on Friday evening with Mrs. Etta Leathers and family.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers and Mrs. Carrie Robison were shopping visitors to Bellefonte on Saturday.

Mr. Wasson and son and friend from Snow Shoe were visitors here on Saturday, spending the time at the Roland McCartney home.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Aikey, of Bellwood, visited on Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz.

Mr. DeHaas, of Beech Creek, track foreman for the railroad company, was here on Sunday.

Miss Jennie Packer, from the ridges, spent Sunday at the Deitz home.

Lloyd Shank departed on Sunday evening for Tyrone, where he will work with the floating crew.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle is visiting her sister in Philipsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill B. Williams spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Williams.

Prof. H. C. Rothrock attended Local Institute at Bellwood Saturday, and reports a very interesting program.

Mrs. O. C. Jones made a very pleasant visit with Mrs. Z. I. Woodring, of Philipsburg, last week.

Miss Ivadel Shope, of Altoona, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Mollie Shope.

Wednesday evening of this week Miss Ruth Lego entertained the High School and teachers at her home at Dix. A delightful evening was enjoyed by all.

Our young people have been fully enjoying the good skating, but the snow this week has spoiled it for the time being.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Williams, of Tyrone, spent a few days last week at J. B. Williams' and while here the three-year-old child of Mrs. Williams was accidently burned to death at their home in Tyrone.

Preaching services will be held in the Presbyterian church Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. Communion services on Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock. Come to hear Rev. Mr. Carson—you will enjoy his sermons.

Last Wednesday evening a kitchen shower was given Mrs. Therman Wiser who was home on a visit. She received many useful gifts. The same evening a birthday surprise party was held at the home of Jacob Williams in honor of Miss Minnie Laird's nineteenth birthday. It was given by the High School of which she is a student. A very pleasant evening was spent in playing games, after which an oyster supper was served. All joined in wishing Minnie many happy returns.

Woodward.

C. D. Motz is spending the greater part of this week in Harrisburg.

Mrs. Frank Hasslett and sister, Miss Margaret Boyer, of Pittsford, N. Y., were visitors in town Saturday and Sunday.

Master James Ard, of Aaronsburg, spent last week with his grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Ard.

John Eby and wife spent the Sabbath with the former's parents, N. W. Eby's.

Roy Musser and Miss Eva Fiedler, of Fiedler, were united in marriage Monday morning at the home of E. H. Musser. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's father, Squire E. H. Musser. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Meyer, of Coburn, spent Sunday at the home of the lady's parents. They were accompanied to their home by Miss Dorothy Whitley.

The P. O. S. of A. will celebrate Washington's birthday Saturday evening in the Evangelical Association church. The programme consists of recitations, dialogues, duets, etc.

After an illness of about three weeks of pneumonia James Ketner died at his home Sunday forenoon. He is survived by the following children: Edward and Mrs. Annie Condo, from St. Joseph, Mich., Rev. William L. Ketner, Matamoras, Pa.; Samuel, of Loganton; Mrs. William Fultz and Noah, of Woodward; and Robert, of Pottsville. His age was 65 years, 4 months and 5 days. The funeral took place Thursday forenoon. He was a member of the Evangelical Association church. Services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. C. D. Caris.

Tail of the Fiery Dragon.

One of the peculiarities of the ancient writers on natural history subjects was the implicit faith which they placed in the genuineness of the various basilisk and dragon stories which were told to them. Brunetto, for an instance to the point, relates with all soberness that "the basilisk is the king of serpents. He wears a white crest upon his head, and such is the abundance of his venom that the air is poisoned wherever this dire reptile passes. Trees in which he makes his home exhale such a poisonous odor that birds in flying over are so overcome with it that they fall to the ground dead.

"The dragon," says the same author, "is the very largest of serpents and inhabits especially India and Ethiopia. When he flies out of the caverns in which he makes his home he furrows the air with such violence as to make it gleam with fire. His mouth is small, and he has not the power to inflict deadly wounds with his teeth In his tail, however, his power lies, and with it he can instantly strangle the largest elephant."

Southpaw Smokers.

With his left hand he took pipe and tobacco from his pocket, and with his right hand he felt for a match. He had none. His fellow idler at the other end of the park bench gave him a match and then let his own cigar go out in his astonishment at seeing his left handed neighbor light his pipe with his right hand.

"That's funny," said he. "You are just about the most confirmed left hander I ever met, yet for that little trick you use your right hand as if born to it."

"All left handed people do," was the reply. "Just think over the list of your smoking acquaintances and see if you ever knew one who lit his pipe with his left hand. I'll bet you didn't. I never did, and I have numbered among my pipe loving friends several men whose right hand seemed nearly helpless for everything else."—New York Press.

Ye Bad Boyes In Church.

In Salem, in 1676, it was ordered by the town that "all ye boyes of ye towne are appointed to sitt upon three paire of stairs in ye meeting house, and William Lord is appointed to look after ye boyes upon ye pulpit stairs." In Stratford the tithing man was ordered to "watch over youths of disorderly carriage and see they behave themselves comelie and use such raps and blows as is in his discretion meet." In Durham any misbehaving boy was punished publicly after the service was over. We would nowadays scarcely seat twenty or thirty active boys together in church if we wished them to be models of attention and dignified behavior, but after the boys' seats were removed from the pulpit stairs they were all turned in together in a "boys' pew" in the gallery. There was a boys' pew in Windsor, Conn., as late as 1845, and pretty noisy it usually was.

An Incautious Critic.

Almost the last work that Sir Edwin Landseer was engaged on was a life sized picture of Nell Gwyn passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This picture, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to Sir John Millais to complete. One morning a celebrated art critic called and was much impressed with his work. "Ah, to be sure!" he said, going up close and examining a deerhound, which almost breathed, in the foreground of the picture. "How easily one can recognize Landseer's dogs. Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked Sir John, lighting another pipe. "I finished painting that dog yesterday and have done the whole of it myself." That critic was sorry he spoke.

Daniel Was a Worker.

Truly there were giants in colonial days. One Daniel Leake of Salisbury, N. H., made during his lifetime and was paid for 1,000,000 shingles. During the years he was accomplishing this colossal work he cleared 300 acres of land, tapped for twenty years at least 600 maple trees, making some times 4,000 pounds of sugar a year. He could mow six acres a day, giving nine tons of hay. His strong, long arms cut a swath twelve feet wide. In his spare time he worked as a cooper, and he was a famous drum maker.

A Secret Defined.

A secret is a thing which you communicate to one whom you can trust. He in turn tells it to somebody that he can trust, and that somebody reveals it to another somebody whom he can trust. And so it goes the rounds, but it is still a secret, although everybody knows it.

Not to Blame.

Father (sternly)—Now, Sophia, something must be done to reduce your expenses. You are actually spending more than your allowance. Daughter—It isn't my fault, father. I've done my best to get you to increase it.—Brooklyn Life.

His Company.

Her Father—I judge a man, sir, by the company he keeps.

The Suitor—Then I'm all right, for I've been keeping company with your daughter for over two years.

Good Intentions.

"He means well."

"Maybe so, maybe so, but I fired him because he's too blamed willing to let it go at that."—Detroit Free Press.

A man should be upright, not be kept upright.—Marcus Aurelius.

Don't Wait Until Spring!

We are gratified to be able to offer you a thoroughly efficient blood remedy for the ridiculously low price of

ONE CENT A DOSE

We have sold it for 25 years with the satisfaction of our customers—It is called

"Green's Sarsaparilla Compound"

It is composed of the best known vegetable blood purifiers combined with "Iodide of Potash" and "Iodide of Iron"—If your blood is out of order try it. It does the work—Price $1.00.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barrel Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Idea Manure Spreader.** You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wizard Plow,** both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters,** with double disks, furrow openers and fertilizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs.

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons,** all sizes. **Gasoline Engines.** Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in stock. In fact—everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

Are you looking for bargains? Come in and look us over. It may be to your interest.

JOHN G. DUBBS,

BELLEFONTE - - - PA.

Bedridden.

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry the hobo. "I know I look like a strong man, but out of my fifty years of life I've spent over sixteen years in bed."

"Why, you poor man!" replied the lady sympathetically, handing him a quarter. "What has been the trouble—paralysis?"

"No, ma'am," said Harry, "jest a reg'lar habit of sleepin' eight hours a day, ma'am."—Harper's.

A Bright Idea.

Theater Manager—I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage. Amateur Playwright—But, I say—aw look here—aw! Can't you lengthen the stage, you know?

The Reason.

"I think the picture lacks atmosphere," said the kindly critic.

"Fact is," said the artist, "I had a hard time raising the wind while I was painting."

Merely a Hint.

Kitty—Harry says he loves me for myself alone. Bertha—I suppose that's his way of saying your mother must be kept out of the family.—Exchange.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Farm. Inquire of James I. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.

LOST—3 shoats; 2 marked with slit in ear. Inqure J. M. Lykens, Benore, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

FOR SALE—4 fine, large teams and harness, 1 driving mare, 1 colt, 4 wagons, 7 pair sleds, chains and lumbering tools. F. W. CRIDER, Bellefonte, Pa. 2-20-2t.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free packages Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good pay. All or spare time. No money needed. Department P. 7, 3422 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.

T. F. Lons,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health— keeps you well.—Advt.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

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DREER'S

Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

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Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

County Tuberculosis Hospitals.

Dr. Livingston Farrand, Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in a letter to the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis warmly endorsed the bill permitting counties to establish hospitals for tuberculosis, which is now before the present session of the Legislature. The National Association represents the best thought and experience in the United States in the handling of the problem of tuberculosis. In his letter Dr. Farrand emphasizes the importance of local responsibility in the care of consumptives. The letter follows:

"I have read with care the draft of the proposed bill permitting counties to establish hospitals for tuberculosis, which is to be introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature. I have, naturally, been much interested in going over this and I approve it thoroughly.

"I think there is no question that the expert opinion of the day regards the local provision for tuberculous patients as the best and really only feasible way of handling the problem. Where cities or towns are not large enough to warrant independent institutional establishments the next unit is obviously the county and the bill before me is aimed to meet precisely that situation. The experience of New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Wisconsin indicates the feasibility of this plan and the experience of Massachusetts which originally attacked its problem from the point of view of the State and is now emphasizing the necessity of local care, is a strong argument in point.

"There is no particular reason for the county being selected except that it is the avilable political unit with which to deal. As long as you can make provision for the possibility of several counties uniting, if it be desirable, I think you avoid the difficulty which would arise in the case of a sparsely settled county.

"My own opinion is that State contro of the tuberculosis problem is bound to be ineffective and there is nothing in our experience in this country to indicate that it can be made efficient. I am strongly in favor, therefore, of emphasizing local responsibility and facilitating the establishment of local provision for tuberculous cases in every possible way. I sincerely trust the bill will pass the Legislature of Pennsylvania and will become a law."

Pension Bill Effective April 1.

The new rule governing the payment of United States pensions to the old soldiers and other wards of the Government which were formulated by Congress last summer, will go into effect in this district with the regular distribution on April 1st. Checks will be mailed from the Government Pension Bureau at Washington.

While formerly the pensioner was sufficient and a bank would willingly cash a pension check, it is now necessary to have two witnesses who have seen the pensioner endorse the check, who have seen his or her pension certificate and have observed that the number corresponds with the number of the checks.

In other words, the new pension check is sort of combined voucher and check and any bank that cashed one without the triple endorsement does so at its own risk as the Pension Bureau may refuse payment on that particular check.

Another provision of the new rules which it is feared will cause considerable confusion and annoyance at first, is that all checks must be delivered personally to the right recipient. No agent may receive the check for a pensioner and any one has been forced to move from his home must take the trouble to that effect. Letters containing the checks cannot be forwarded and the postoffice authorities in all cities and towns have been ordered to return th checks at once to the pension bureau the pensioner is not at the address given the first time the postman calls.

"Smallpox" was Eczema.

A light attack of eczema which was diagnosed as smallpox was responsible for getting Charles L. Frye, a Pennsylvania railroad brakeman and several other employes under a short quarantine in the Blair county isolation hospital at Altoona, according to the statement of several Altoona physicians. Frye whose home is in Pennsdale arrived in Sunbury recently with certificates signed by four Altoona medical men that he did not have smallpox, never had the malady and from his present condition will never have it.

Frye was taken ill on his run at Tyrone one day last week and when a physician diagnosed his case as the dreaded disease was hustled off to Altoona to the hospital. Several railroad companions remained with him.

The announcement that Frye had only an attack of eczema which came from Sunbury to day, will be quieting to a number of people in central Pennsylvania, who feared a spread of smallpox through Frye's companions at a party on the evening before he was taken ill.

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On Good Luck Trail

Good Luck In More Ways Then One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Lem Harrison stopped and looked down the narrow trail over which he had been trudging with tired, blistered feet.

"I don't know why they call this Good Luck trail," he muttered, "unless it is because you're having good luck if you get back alive. I can't think of any other reason."

He wiped the perspiration from his heated face, settled the pack on his bent back and resumed the steady, upward climb into the heart of the Sierras. Somewhere far above him, concealed in a little gully mapped out on a rough piece of paper he carried next his heart, was a hidden treasure of gold dust. Lem Harrison's Uncle Peter had been a forty-niner and among the first to reach the California goldfields. He had written letters home of a wonderful fortune he had amassed and told in detail how the precious dust was contained in stout tin boxes and the whole hoard cached in this gully until his search for riches was ended. Then he would gather up all his treasure and take it down to San Francisco.

Months after that had come news of his death in San Francisco, almost penniless. His widow, who went west to bring back his remains, could obtain no news of the fortune he had written about and the only clew to which was a small, rough map found among his clothing. This she gave to Lem Harrison's father, who in turn bequeathed it to his son as a curiosity.

But Lem possessed the same spirit of adventure that had prompted his Uncle Peter to fare forth in search of fortune, and after the death of his parents he, too, had turned his face to the golden west, and tucked inside his pocket was the map made by his Uncle Peter sixty years before. For several years Lem led a varied life on the plains.

He had been cattleman and prospector and trackwalker for the railroad, but the lure of gold drew him ever farther westward until his feet had crossed the line into California, and he had at last set forth on a definite expedition in search of the gold dust concealed by his uncle.

"If he took it down to Frisco with him why did he make the map?" he argued with himself at night when he made his lonely camp. "Seems as if he might have found more gold after he hid that first lot and so he left it there and took the second lot down to the city and blew it in. I don't like to think that I have been deceiving myself all these years and that when I get to Good Luck gulch I'm going to be disappointed. Who knows but somebody else has found it years back? Pshaw! I won't think anything more about it till I get there."

Lem Harrison beguiled his lonely way with occasional monologues. As he mounted higher into the rare upper air of the mountains he felt a great exhilaration. In the distance were snow-capped peaks, and about him there were young pines that glistened in the sunlight. He sniffed the fresh air and whistled cheerily.

According to his map he had another mile to travel before he would reach the entrance to the gulch that was his goal. He had crossed and recrossed a crooked stream that latticed the trail with little runlets, and he recognized it as the stream described by his uncle and from whose waters had been washed the precious gold. In Good Luck gulch this stream had it's greatest breadth.

Three-quarters of a mile farther and just as the sun was setting he knew that he was nearing his goal. The pines had thinned out, and he had reached an eminence where he could look back over the trail and see it dropping like a sad colored string down the mountain side.

"If I don't find it," he muttered grimly, "I'll give this trail a new name. It won't sound like 'good luck,' and it'll smell mighty sulphurous!"

He wouldn't go on any farther that night. He made camp then and there so that he might look upon the gulch by the early sunlight. The sun had dropped beyond the distant peaks, and there came the refreshing coolness of a California night.

A red bar of light across his eyes awoke him to a new day—the day of his life. This arrival at Good Luck gulch was the culmination of his father's dreams and his own boyish hopes. Now he was thirty-three and the treasure might be still uncovered.

Breakfast was a brief meal, and, with his pack neatly rolled, once more he resumed his journey, silent, tense with suppressed excitement. The pines disappeared to give way to wind blown cottonwoods and ragged rocks, and then the trail dipped down toward the west. He had passed over the summit, and now the trail led down. He had lost track of the stream of water. He was off the right trail. Where had he missed it?

A half hour later he found it again and saw that the stream wound around the mountain from the west side, and it was there that he must look for Good Luck gulch. The air was softer and clearer here, with a mellowness that it had lacked on the more rugged eastern slope.

Then all at once he came upon the gulch. It must be the gulch, for the stream danced forth from it with glittering points of flame, as if each one had been touched by fairy gold. Through a narrow defile, with scarcely a foot's breadth on either side of the stream, and then he stood in a pocket of the mountain—a pocket that faced westward and south and was green and flourishing with soft, velvety turf, and standing in the midst of it was a substantial log house with a broad veranda, on which were comfortable chairs.

A cow was pasturing near by, and coming across the turf was a young girl of about twenty. In one hand she swung a shining milk pail, and as she came she sang in a rich soprano voice.

Lem Harrison watched her, spellbound, convinced that once more he had wandered from Good Luck trail. The girl saw him and, startled, stood for a moment quite motionless. Then he approached her, removing his hat.

"Good morning," he said diffidently. "I'm looking for Good Luck gulch, but I'm afraid I've missed my way. Perhaps you can set me straight."

"Oh, this is Good Luck gulch, and this is Good Luck camp. That is what my father calls it," said the girl, showing a row of pearly teeth in a charming smile. "Do you mean to say you came up Good Luck trail?"

"Yes," he said.

"It isn't used much now. We use the west trail. It leads down through the valleys to Piedville. There is the opening."

She pointed a rounded arm and showed where, facing the house, was a wide opening, giving a panoramic view of mountains and valleys and tiny villages scattered at their feet.

Lem's face was haggard with disappointment, and the girl seemed quick to recognize that he was troubled about something.

"Perhaps you came to see my father?" she suggested, pointing toward the veranda, where an elderly man sat regarding them curiously.

He shook his head. "I didn't know anybody was here. I thought Good Luck gulch was as wild as it was sixty years ago, when my uncle came here to seek gold. I didn't expect to find any one here."

"My father obtained this place years ago. He took a fancy to it and staked a claim when he was a young man. A few years ago he decided that he would like to spend his declining years up here on the mountain, and so we sold our little vineyard below. There are only two of us, father and I."

"You must be lonesome," he said, wondering.

"We are. But it is beautiful, and once a week we go down to Piedville, and there are books and magazines to keep one busy. I suppose you came from the east?"

"I know I look like a Yankee," he admitted, smiling. "I'm from the east, and you will laugh when you hear why I came to Good Luck gulch."

"I shall be glad to hear all about it," she said pleasantly. "Suppose you go over and talk to father, and after I have milked the cow we will have breakfast, and then you can tell us about it. We are very fond of visitors here in Good Luck gulch."

Lem left her reluctantly and went up to the log house, where he made the acquaintance of Henry Blair, the father of the girl he had been talking to. To his sympathetic ear he related the story of Peter Harrison's golden treasure and the long years of anticipation concerning its whereabouts. He displayed the map, and together the two men studied its faded lines.

Then they went out and measured the distances marked on the map. "It must be here under this flat rock," declared Mr. Blair excitedly. "Wait a moment until I get a crowbar."

Presently he returned, and together they heaved and strained and finally pried up the flat rock from its bed, disclosing closely packed earth under the heavy weight.

Flora Blair called them in to breakfast just then, and during the meal Lem's story was repeated to her interested ears.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely to have such a romantic thing happen in Good Luck gulch?" she cried. "Hurry up, father! I'm just dying to see if there really is treasure under that flat rock."

The three of them uncovered the closely packed tin boxes. It was a solemn moment when Lem opened one rusted can and showed the golden dust placed there sixty years before by his uncle. He insisted that Henry Blair and his daughter should each have a share of the treasure, as it had been so safely guarded on their property for many years.

"If you hadn't staked this claim some other man would have come here and found the gold," he assured them, and at last he prevailed upon them to accept each a small portion of the comfortable fortune he had found.

His brief stop lengthened into a visit, and his visit stretched into a long stay. One evening he told them about his long and wearisome trip up the trail and how he had declared that if he did not find the treasure he would rechristen the trail.

After Mr. Blair had gone in Lem lingered on the veranda near Flora's chair.

"Even if I hadn't found a grain of gold I never could have called it anything but Good Luck trail," he said simply. "It led me straight to the best luck I've ever had in this world, Miss Flora." And with a brief good night he passed inside the house.

Flora sat there alone, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining. She was glad he had not said more just then, for there was all the rest of their lives in which to unravel the beautiful story of love of which they had just found the thread.

Value of a Laugh.

The value of a good natured laugh may be rated low by some people, but many writers have attested its worth in no measured terms.

It is not surprising that Charles Lamb should have said, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," but from the lips of the somber Carlyle one is scarcely prepared to hear, "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether or irreclaimably bad."

It was Douglas Jerrold who boldly stated that "what was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing more than a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment reaching from earth to Olympus."

"I am persuaded," wrote Laurence Sterne, "that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to his fragment of life."

Last of all may be cited the verdict of Oliver Wendell Holmes, given with his own inimitable humor, "The riotous tumult of a laugh, I take it, is the mob law of the features, and propriety the magistrate who reads the riot act."—St. Louis Republic.

When Jenny Lind Saw Niagara.

A piece of verse by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward records an incident which happened when Jenny Lind was visiting America. After the Swedish nightingale had won the hearts of a vast public and not only praise of the singer, but friendship for the noble woman, had grown strong among the Americans it was asked:

How honor her? By what fair sight or way?
Show her Niagara on a rainbow day.

So she is shown among a curious multitude approaching this marvel of marvels—the voice of the waters, the voice of the woman, meeting as it were in happy praise of God. She gazed awestruck and sank on her knees in prayer. The people prayed with her, and those who were not moved by the majestic splendor of nature to worship the infinite, yet, as Mrs. Ward says, for many a day thereafter thought of God and of Jenny Lind kneeling humbly there.—Christian Science Monitor

Merely Climate.

The American visitor wandered down into sunny Cornwall. Seeing some particularly large chrysanthemums in a garden, he knocked at the cottage door and exclaimed to the grower:

"Fine flowers these. Guess I'd like to know how you grow 'em."

"Oh, climate," replied the yokel.

"And them great cabbages—what makes them grow?"

"Just climate," declared the Cornwall man seriously.

"H'm! Away in New York about all we grow is skyscrapers. Only last year a fifty story building sprang up like a mushroom. It grew up so quick that it had no stairs or lift."

And the yokel stared aghast.

"How—how do you get to the top, then?"

"Oh, clime-it—just clime-it!"—London Answers.

Strange Meals In Disraeli's Novels.

Some of the meals in Disraeli's novels are of a decidely barbaric nature. Not many of us nowadays would care to sit through the dinner described in "Venetia," which opened with "an ample tureen of potage royal, with a boned duck swimming in its center. Then came a huge roast pike, flanked on one side by a leg of mutton and on the other by bombarded veal. To these succeeded a grand battalia fire in which the bodies of chickens, pigeons and rabbits were embalmed in spices, cocks' combs and savory balls and well bedewed with one of those rich sauces of claret, anchovy and sweet herbs, technically termed a lear. * * * The repast closed with a dish of oyster loaves and a pompetone of larks."—London Standard.

A Diary Difficulty.

"Diaries sometimes are a dangerous thing," said a lawyer. "They make terrible revelations. I know a man who said to his wife:

"'Don't you think, Maria, that with the New Year's advent it would be a good thing for us to keep a diary?'

"'Yes, perhaps,' Maria answered 'but if we registered all our family quarrels in the volume I'm afraid most people would mistake it for a scrap book.'"—Washington Star.

Neither Acceptable.

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim? Her father—No. He appears to be capable of nothing. Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George? Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.—London Stray Stories.

The Small Boy Again.

"Bobby, do you see that bright star overhead, at the top of the big cross?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Deneb. It is nearly three quadrillions of miles away."

"Huh! Then how do you know its name is Deneb?"—Chicago Tribune.

Poetic License.

"Pop, do poets bite like dogs?"

"Certainly not, child. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Then, why do they have to have a license?"—Baltimore American.

Pride.

Professor of Voice Culture—You have a promising contralto voice. High Society (airily)—But, professor, I'd rather sing soprano, for it's much higher toned.—Judge.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear.—Marcus Aurelius.

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Bullet Kills Police Chief.

Chief of Police William Kerstetter died at Packer hospital at Sunbury, after being shot last week by Maurice Rossiter, aged 20, in the attic of the home of the latter's father, C. E. Rossiter, who was also shot by the boy, who later shot himself in the wrist, before surrendering to the police and being imprisoned, preparatory to being removed to an insane asylum.

The youth suffered considerably from his wound. His father, who was first thought to have been fatally shot by a bullet entering his body above the heart, is greatly improved and physicians say he will recover.

The Coroner deemed an inquest over Kerstetter unnecessary. The formal charge of murder was lodged against Rossiter, but after the District Attorney interrogated him, it was decided to ask the court to appoint a commission in lunacy.

His insanity was caused through overstudy. Several years ago he entered State College to pursue a coarse in electrical engineering. He suffered a mental and nervous breakdown and his father took him out of school.

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Just the mild, simple wash, the well known D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema and the itch is gone.

A trial will prove it.

We have sold other remedies for skin trouble but none that we could guarantee as we can the D.D.D. remedy. If the first regular size $1.00 bottle does not do exactly as we say, it will not cost you a cent.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

A BOMB

It Was an Elephant Its Owner Wanted to Get Rid Of

By JEROME B. TORRENT

Lockwood, a graduate of a technological institution, accepted a position in the works of the Plowman's Harvester company and in time was sent to Russia to establish a plant for the manufacture of its machines.

Lockwood occupied a suit of rooms in a bachelor apartment house in St. Petersburg. One morning as he was going out a young girl who was passing suddenly turned and, running up the steps, brushed past him and entered the house. She appeared to be very much agitated. There was something so incongruous in her action in entering the abode of men that Lockwood turned and went after her to learn something more about her. She began to speak to him rapidly and earnestly in the Russian language, of which he had made a study before leaving America and in which he had considerable practice since.

"Oh, mercy!" she said. "The mines, the mines! I wouldn't mind to die. But Kara! I can't endure the thought."

"What is it?" asked Lockwood, astonished.

"I have a bomb concealed on my person. Help me to get rid of it. Oh, do help me! If it is found on me I shall be sent to those terrible mines."

The girl kept looking at the door which Lockwood had closed as though dreading that some one would open it and come in. So pitiful was she that he was tempted to do a very foolish thing—that is, relieve her of the bomb she carried. But he had no mind to go to Siberia in her stead, and he resisted the impulse, asking for more information. She told her story briefly and hurriedly:

"I am a member of a revolutionary circle. Yesterday I received an order to go to a certain place where I would find a woman who would give me a bomb that I was to carry to another place. I went there, received the bomb and was taking it away when, looking back, I saw a man whose eyes were fixed upon me, and I was sure he followed me. I made a tortuous course, taking the most crowded streets and mingling with the greatest crowds. But whenever I looked back the man was sure to be near, though either looking in a shop window or reading a sign or a billboard. He was following me to see where I would go. Desperate, seeing you coming out of this house, I resolved to come in. I do not know who lives here; I simply entered at a venture. I believe the man who is following me will be here directly. I hoped I might get rid of the bomb before he came."

Lockwood listened to this intensely spoken statement, his sympathy going out to the speaker. At any moment a government official might enter and find the girl talking to him, a bomb on her person, doubtless intended to kill some official or possibly a member of the imperial family. Lockwood was not a fool; he was a man. And here was a girl whom by taking a risk he might save from that which would be worse than death, a lifelong imprisonment in the mines of Kara. A great struggle was going on within him between his chivalrous manhood and his dread of the fate for himself of which the girl stood in danger

There was a ring at the front door bell. All color left his companion's face. This and the look of despair and appeal she gave him turned the scale.

"Give me the bomb," he said.

Thrusting her hand into an inside pocket of the fur coat she wore, she took out a glass globe the size of a small orange and gave it to him. He put it in a pocket of his overcoat, saying to her hurriedly, "This is a man's apartment house; you are my sister," and, going to the door, opened it.

A man stood outside, and Lockwood without flinching waited for him to speak. The girl stood in the hall; but, having been relieved of the bomb, she was able to gather her faculties and appeared perfectly cool, looking at the man who had been following her with a meaningless stare. He seemed somewhat taken aback at this reception.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked Lockwood.

"Who lives in this house?" was the reply.

"It is a bachelor apartment house."

"A bachelor apartment house! In that case what is the young lady doing here?"

"Are you a government official?"

The man hesitated, but finally admitted that he was.

"Very well. If you are a government official and have come here for a purpose you are welcome to go about that purpose. I am needed at my place of business, being an American resident of St. Petersburg. If you want anything of me I beg you to make haste; otherwise I will go at once."

"I want nothing of you," said the man.

"And the young lady?"

The official appeared to be puzzled. He alone knew his object in shadowing the girl, but it was probable that, the place from which she had taken the bomb having been suspected by the police, he had been ordered to watch it and follow any one leaving it with a view to being led to another rendezvous and trapping conspirators. In this case he had been led into a house that was not likely a headquarters of a revolutionary circle, but he was not sure about it. He was hesitating whether to make a search or get further instructions from his superiors. Had he known the object of the girl's visit to the suspected place and that she had brought away a bomb he would have called assistance and searched her and, not finding it, would have left no stone unturned to discover where it was.

Presently, without a word, the official turned and without another word went down the steps and away. No sooner had the door closed behind him than the girl staggered, swooning, and fell into Lockwood's arms. The intensity of feeling in him was akin and equal to that in her. He had saved her, at least for the present, from those dreadful Kara mines, where the sufferings of the prisoners are known throughout the world. To do this he had taken on himself the risk of the doom that had threatened her. The time that had elapsed since he first saw her, including the period of the hurried interview between him and the government official, had occupied scarcely five minutes. Yet is it to be wondered at that, moved by so narrow an escape from so terrible a doom for one and probably for both, Lockwood should have given her a kiss.

Then suddenly it occurred to him that the drama was not yet played. The eye of the government had not closed with the closing of the door. He held a swooned revolutionist in his arms. A deadly bomb was in his pocket. As for the girl, he kissed her back to life. Then when she had gathered her senses he began to consult with her what they should do with the bomb. But he soon discovered that he could not rely on her for any help in planning its disposal. The only thing she could do was to take it to the place she had been directed to take it, but her experience had unnerved her, and she was liable to be shadowed. Besides, Lockwood did not propose to become any further implicated in a projected assassination. He did propose that the bomb should not injure any one. But how get rid of it? He could not lose it. He could not explode it. It occurred to him that he might bury it. But where? Surely not in the cement floored basement of the house where they were. And he dared not go out on the street with it on his person. Worst of all, he dared not keep it about him. If he could get it to the plant he had built for the Harvester company he represented he could bury it there. Indeed, he might eat it up with chemicals, for he was well versed in analytical chemistry. But for every method of getting rid of it an "if" stood in the way. The only way he did not consider at all was to tell the girl to take her bomb and begone.

However, when he noticed that she was waiting for him to tell her what to do next he took her address and advised her to go forth looking as unconcerned as possible and directly home. So long as she had nothing at home incriminating she need not worry, for there were other persons in the building she had visited than the woman from whom she had received the bomb. He opened the door, and she went home, all the way expecting to see her shadower, but she did not.

Lockwood did not dare leave the bomb in his room, fearing that the police might search it during his absence. Procuring the necessary carpenter's tools, he took up a board in the floor of his room and, wrapping the bomb in cotton, put it between joists and nailed the board down again.

It was fortunate that he took this precaution, for when he returned in the evening he found that the police had ransacked every nook and cranny in the house. Lockwood felt a certain relief at this, for it would give him time to get rid of the cursed bomb. He waited a week, attending to his business as usual and not showing the least concern, for he knew that both he and the fair revolutionist were being watched. He dared not remove the bomb, even at midnight, lest some police officer arrest him with it on him.

So the matter remained as it was till at last Lockwood, not daring to remove the bomb from his quarters, finally decided to remove himself from them. This he did without canceling his lease, and after several weeks' absence, when the police had probably ceased to connect him with them, he returned to them one night when he would not be noticed and, taking the bomb, carried it to his place of business. It is buried deep in the earth on the premises, but where no one except Lockwood knows, for he buried it himself.

The incident came near breaking up his work in St. Petersburg. Indeed, it did so in the end, for he never felt easy after it occurred and finally wrote his principals to send some one to take his place. They did so, and he left Russia, intending never to see it again.

During his stay there he did not dare meet the girl he had saved, but on reaching Berlin he wrote her, giving his permanent address in Paris. For a long while he received no reply. Then one day when in London he received a letter from her stating that she was in that city. Lockwood called to see her and was surprised to find her dressed as a lady. During the brief period they were together in St. Petersburg her apparel had been such as is worn by the lower classes.

A meeting where they did not dread to be pounced upon by the police was naturally full of feeling. The girl's name was Nathalie Ivanovitch, and she was the daughter of a general in the army. Lockwood convinced her that assassination was not the way to redress wrongs and finally persuaded her to go to America with him as his wife.

Queer Railroad Customs.

They have a curious way of managing some railways in Syria. Weary of much riding, a party of travelers on their way to Beirut resolved one day to go by train. They arrived at a primitive station, but could find no station master. Presently, however, one of the camp followers arrived, looked about and, spying a small red flag lying on the platform, made off with it along the line. When a train came in the man waved his flag, the engine driver pulled up, and the travelers got in. Later, while the train was puffing on its way, the guard came along the footboard and issued the tickets, carefully noting down the names, nationality and occupations of the passengers. Two stations farther on they got out, and here there was not only a station master, but a porter, and the latter stayed with them all day in an orchard till the camp arrived, meanwhile feeding them with honey from the comb. Where else, one wonders, could such a charming railway system be found? — Wide World Magazine.

The Only Way.

The old lady was very fond of preaching the efficacy of perseverance. In fact, she rode her hobbyhorse so much to death that her servant at last got quite tired of her everlasting "Persevere—persevere! It is only through perserevance one can accomplish anything in this world."

One day the old lady had visitors, and a large number of delicious apple dumplings were served up. These, however, were not all partaken of, eight or nine being sent downstairs again.

On the following day the old lady invaded the lower regions and ordered the leftover dumplings to be warmed up for dinner. But, greatly to her consternation, she found they had all gone.

"Sally," she cried, "where are the dumplings left from yesterday?"

"Eaten 'em, mum," was the laconic lady's reply.

"Eaten them! Good heavens! How did you manage it?"

"Perseverance, mum," came the tart reply.—London Answers.

Jarred the New Yorker.

A traveling salesman blew into Little Rock, Ark., and, going to the leading merchant, said pompously: "I'm from New York. I want to show you the newest line of"—

"Where did you say you were from?" asked the merchant, getting ready to do some "kidding." The swell headed manner of the New Yorker had ruffled him. The salesman seemed to think the fact that he was from New York was something to make rural merchants' jaws drop open. He was what we western people call a "New York fool"—the one kind that's hopeless.

"Why, I'm from New York," repeated the gingery, swell up geek.

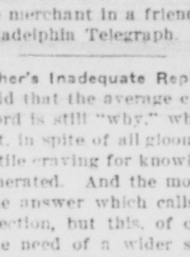
"Who runs the hotel in that town?" asked the merchant in a friendly manner.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mother's Inadequate Replies.

It is said that the average child's favorite word is still "why," which indicates that, in spite of all gloomy views, the infantile craving for knowledge has not degenerated. And the mother still makes the answer which calls for the least reflection, but this, of course, is where the need of a wider spread of maternal information is called for. The modern child looks round and sees things which it has always remembered, but which have come to the mother among the unexpected "marvels of the age." And even the most anxious and willing parent may have to think twice when the child, who wants to know, asks "why" the telephone talks, the aeroplane flies, the submarine dives, the gramophone sings, the typewriter prints and the electric kettle boils itself?—New York Tribune.

The Grand Canyon.

In the Grand canyon the highest sides are 6,233 feet above the stream, but they are perpendicular for only some 3,000 feet, when the gloomy chasm is often but a few hundreds of feet wide. Above that the sides slope off in a series of cliffs to the level of the surrounding country, and if the world lasts long enough and a greater rainfall should come a deep and wide valley will exist there some day. It would be folly to attempt to say when the erosion that has made the canyon first set in. It may have been as long ago as a million years. The exact time is pure guesswork.—Exchange.



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AID THE KIDNEYS

Do Not Endanger Life When a Bellefonte Citizen Shows You the Way to Avoid it.

Why will people continue to suffer the agonies of kidney complaint, backache, urinary disorders, lameness, headaches, languor, why allow themselves to become chronic invalids, when a tested remedy is offered them?

Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in kidney trouble over 50 years, have been tested in thousands of cases.

If you have any, even one, of the symptoms of kidney diseases, act now. Dropsy or Bright's disease may set in and make neglect dangerous. Read his Bellefonte testimony:

Mrs. John Fisher, 51 S. Water St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I recommend Doan's Kidney Pills just as highly today as I did some years ago when I gave a public statement in their favor. One of my family procured Doan's Kidney Pills from Green's Pharmacy Co, and got prompt and permanent relief from kidney complaint. I have also taken Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and pains through my kidneys and they have had good effect. You are welcome to publish this statement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Osceola Girl Weds.

Miss Ella A. Gardner, a formerly highly esteemed resident of Osceola, was married on February 12th to George Franklin Shaffer, of Philadelphia. They will reside in that city.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 22 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

Certainly You Want the

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You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

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Brick-Layers

Work done by the hour or on Contract.

WILLIAM WOLF,
P. O. Bellefonte, Pa.
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For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

F. W. CRIDER.
Bellefonte, Pa

Have You A Bank Account?

Every man and woman that handles money ought to have an account with a good bank. It means safety for your money and the cultivation of good economical business habits. Let us open an account with you.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, - - - Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P B CRIDER & SON,

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Colerville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.28
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

*Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.0	1.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.4	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.8	1.18	f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Colerville	8.40	1.30	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penns. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
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AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
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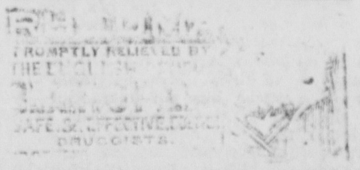
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.



FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Disinfectants of all approved kinds, at Green's.

J. Harris Hoy, of Snow Shoe, was greeting friends in town this week.

Genial Reuben Lucas, of Howard, was a Bellefonte visitor for a few hours on Monday.

John M. Fisher, Jr., and James E. Decker spent Sunday at the Decker home in Pine Grove Mills.

Fred Rees, who has a nice position with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Renovo, visited over Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rees.

At a party given at Philipsburg last Saturday evening by Mrs. Josephin, Meyers the honor guest was her sister Miss Marie, a popular teacher at Julian.

Accidents will happen, but the- best regulated families keep Dr. Thoma Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.—Advt.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Luthern church will hold a fair in Petriken Hall on February 21 and 22. All kinds of aprons, home made candies, pies and cakes and fancy work for sale.

Sergeant Wood, residing at Lewisburg, Instructor for the 12th Regiment to which Company L of Bellefonte belongs, held a Non-Commissioned Officers' School at the Armory Friday evening of last week.

The festival held by the Young Ladies Club of the Reformed church of Pine Grove Mills last Saturday resulted in getting $28.50 towards the purchase of a new carpet.

Mrs. Mary Dukeman, of Curtin, who had been a patient at the Bellefonte hospital for six weeks or more, was able to return home on Saturday of last week. Her health is now better than for a long time past.

Billy Adams, who pitched on the Clearfield baseball team several years ago and played with the St. Louis American League club last season, has signed with the latter club for the 1913 season.

Frank Kern last week built an addition to the City Steam Laundry building and will install a modern machine for ironing sheets. He says that the machine will iron from three to five sheets a minute.

Mr. and Mrs. Mac Waite, of Pitcairn, visited several days last week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Waite, of Bellefonte, and also with the Cobles at Lemont They are again at Pitcairn, where Mr. Waite holds a responsible and lucrative position.

W. A. Moore, vice president of the Tonawanda Iron & Steel Co., with headquarters at North Tonawanda, N. Y., visited with old Bellefonte friends from Friday until Tuesday, last. His chief mission was to pick up a number of men for employment at North Tonawanda. He succeeded in hiring several.

William A. Magee, of Philadelphia, visited over Sunday in Centre Hall, spending several hours in Bellefonte while enroute home on Monday evening. His marriage to Miss Leila May Huyett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Huyett, of Centre Hall, will be solemnized at that place in the latter part of April.

Miss Shipley, of Unionville, a daughter of the venerable B. W. Shipley, was a shopping visitor in town between trains on Tuesday. Mr. Shipley has not been enjoying the best of health for some time past but will be himself again just as soon as the warmer days come around.

The New Garman House, at Tyrone, has been completed and on Saturday of last week was opened to the public. The proprietor is Al. S. Garman, formerly of Bellefonte. The new hotel is modern throughout and is pronounced one of the finest in the interior of the State. Winter & Sons, piano, dealers, will occupy a large store room in the first floor of the hotel building.

Early Monday morning the Death Angel entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Casebeer, on East Curtin Street, claiming their infant child. The little one had never been in any too rugged health and gradually passed away despite all that the loving parents and attending physicians could do. In the hour of their sad bereavement the sympathy of the community goes out to the young parents.

Former County Treasurer George G. Fink, of Martha, gave his friends here a pleasant surprise by spending several hours in town between trains on Saturday. George has been so busy on his farm during the last year that his visits to Bellefonte have been few and far between. Everybody hereabouts was to glad see him and tried to make his brief stay as enjoyable as possible.

While most all goods in our line are on a "stand pat" basis yet some items are making considerable advances. But one important article of food has recently been on the decline and we are glad to take the earliest opportunity of making a price on Franklin Fine Granulated Sugar of Five Cents per pound in any quantity desired. Have also made lower schedule of prices on Western, New York, Handpicked, Red Kidney, White Kidney, Marrow and Pea Beans, all finest new crop. Will be glad to have your orders for all goods in our line.

SECHLER & Co.

Mrs. S. E. Saterfield, who had been visiting in Pittsburgh for several weeks, returned to Bellefonte on Wednesday evening of last week only to find all kinds of trouble on her hands at her home on Bishop Street. She has been occupying one side of the house, the other side being used by the Smith family and quarantined for the first case of smallpox in town. Mrs. Saterfield's side of the house was not quarantined but she deemed it to be the part of wisdom to close up the house and go away until the quarantine at the Smith home might be lifted. Once the Smith side of the house was quarantined she says she was unable to get a plumber to venture into her home and drain the water pipes, water-back and boiler. While she was in Pittsburgh everything in the house froze up as tight as a drum. The waterback burst, as did some of the water pipes and the boiler has been frozen up so hard that she as yet is unable to determine whether it has been damaged to any great extent. Her home has been thoroughly fumigated, but she has about concluded to close it until time for spring house-cleaning and meanwhile will visit with friends in Philadelphia.

Rev. Frank Wetzel is greeting old friends in town this week

Is your blood is in bad condition? Read Green's adv. on page 5.

Cyrus Hunter of Stormstown, was business visitor in town yesterday.

Hassel Montgomery attended a dance in Tyrone on Friday night of last week.

M. Ward Fleming, of Philipsburg, transacted legal business in town on Monday.

Robert Cooper, of Snow Shoe, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Dr. E. S. Dorworth on Wednesday of this week celebrated his 79th birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Mary Miller, of Hagerstown, Maryland, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, of West Linn Street.

John P. Harris, Jr., visited in town on Wednesday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Harris, of West Linn Street.

"Girl of Eagle Ranch" at Garman's Opera House tonight. It is a thrilling and interesting play of the Black Hills. Prices 25, 35 and 50c.

J. Will Mayes, of Howard, was in town on Tuesday to observe how cleverly his brother, Frank, handled the Ammon Gramley sale. The $2675 result told the tale.

Atheism is exhibited in remarkable measures in the play "The Rosary", which is booked for Friday, February 28, here. Rowland and Clifford are repeating with this play this season.

If you want to spend a pleasant and profitable Sunday evening go to the Presbyterian church and hear the pastor, Dr. Hawes, discuss "Reasons people give for not uniting with a church." Join the crowd.

The Washington and Lincoln birthday exercises in both buildings of the Bellefonte public schools will be held tomorrow, Friday, afternoon at 1.30 o'clock. Special programs have been arranged for both buildings.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Club will be held on Monday evening, February 24, at 7.30 o'clock in the High School building. The subject of discussion led by Mrs. Lewis Shaeffer will be "Summer Gardens." Everybody is welcome.

The best basketball game of the season is scheduled at the gymnasium for tomorrow evening at 7.45 o'clock, the opposing teams being the Bellefonte Academy and the University of Pittsburgh. The visiting team will undoubtedly prove to be the strongest that has been in Bellefonte this year and the Academy is making preparations for a fast game. Following the contest Professor J. R. Hughes will give a banquet at the Bush House in honor of the visiting team.

Thomas Fleming has purchased H. C. Yeager's boot & shoe repairing shop, Room No. 4, Bush Arcade, just across the corridor from Dr. Tate's office. Mr. Fleming's specialty is making and repairing fine shoes for ladies and gentlemen. He is equipped to repair hot water bags and in fact all kinds of rubber goods. He has been making boots and shoes for some of our citizens for many years, giving such satisfaction that they prefer his work to that of the city shops. His repairing is well and neatly done and his prices are always reasonable.

A congrgational meeting of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church has been called for Wednesday of next week to consider a recommendation that the salary of Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes be increased from $2000 to $2500 per year. It is understood that the call from the Bellevue Presbyterian church included an offer of salary to Dr. Hawes of an amount somewhere between $2500 and $3000. A second committee from the Bellevue church visited Bellefonte last Sunday to hear Dr. Hawes preach.

Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Willard on Monday received a letter from their son, Roger, who recently went to Panama as an electrical engineer in the employ of the government. In his letter he states that he spent an evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pierce. Mrs. Pierce will be recalled as formerly Miss Hazel Cooke, of Bellefonte. Roger stated that the trees and grass in Panama are green and the climate all that one could desire. Before going into the employ of the government Roger was identified with the Union Switch & Signal Company. Another son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard is still in the employ of the latter company.

George T. Bush returned Sunday evening from a trip to New York and Philadelphia, where he attended some reunions. In New York on Friday night at the Hotel Manhattan a banquet and reunion of the "Around the World" tourists on the Cleveland, was held at which about one hundred and twenty of the seven hundred and fifty of the cruise were present. In Philadelphia Saturday night was the reunion of the Swarthmore Alumni and old students at a banquet at the Bellevue Stratford, at which three hundred were present. Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, who is spoken of for Wilson's Cabinet, and Governor Charles Miller of Delaware, the only Republican elected in the last election in the State, both old grads of Swarthmore, were present and made addresses.

A basketball game between the Bellefonte High School and Lock Haven Normal sub team on Friday last resulted in more accidents than usually attends such a contest. The visiting team was considerably heavier than the local five and the game was featured by roughness that should have been squelched at the very beginning. The High School boys won out, 19—12, but not without four of their number being more or less seriously injured. Ferguson Parker, son of conductor Ross Parker, had his collar bone broken. Lew Wallace, Jr., son of contractor Lewis Wallace, was injured about the head but did not experience any pain until several hours later when he fainted while in Dr. Locke's office. Then it was found that he had suffered slightly from concussion of the brain. He was put to bed with an ice bag on his head. Henry Keller, son of Harry Keller, Esq., was also laid up as a result of injuries to his head, and Henry Lowry, Jr., son of Henry Lowry, the contractor and builder, was compelled to take to his bed by injuries to his stomach. All four boys were pretty badly used up but even their injuries could not allay their enthusiasm over the victory.

Stop coughing. "Cherry Bark Cough Syrup" will relieve you—25, 50c and $1. at Green's.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Steele, Jr., left on Wednesday for a visit with relatives in Johnstown.

Dorothy Elizabeth Straub is the name of the little Miss that arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Straub last Satday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Thompson, of Alto, were shopping visitors in town on Tuesday. Mrs. Louise Garber accompanied them home.

James B. Lane, of Leetonia, Ohio; John of Baltimore, and Mrs. Robert H. Fay, of Altoona, were in Bellefonte this week for the funeral of their grandfather, the late John H. Sands.

Mrs. Sylvester Jackson and little daughter, Edna, of Altoona, and the former's mother, Mrs. Segner, of State College, visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Sarah Fulton.

A Women's Exchange is being organized in Bellefonte for the sale of needlework and other articles. The first sale will be shortly after Easter. Persons desiring to contribute are requested to communicate with Mrs. Nora Shelden or Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell.

David Chambers, Larry Redding and M. D. Kelly comprised a trio of Snow Shoe business men who spent several hours in town between trains on Tuesday. Ordinarily they would have made the trip by automobile, but the roads out that way are anything but desirable for pleasure driving at this time of the year.

C. M. Hanna, of Lock Haven, will in the next week or two open a butcher shop in the room in the Crider Exchange occupied at present by William McClure. Mr. McClure will move into the room in the Crider stone building, until recently occupied by W. H. Macker. He will install a machine for repairing shoes.

Calvin Brown, whose home is nearby the McCoy & Linn Iron Works, was painfully although not seriously injured on Monday while at work at the H. S. Moore steel construction plant. A large steel plate fell upon him, fortunately only striking him a glancing blow. No bones were broken but he was so badly bruised that he has since been confined to his home. The accident was caused by the breaking of a hoisting chain.

Council in Session.

Bellefonte borough Council was in session about a half hour on Monday evening, routine matters alone being considered. John M. Fisher appeared with a complaint regarding the dumping of ashes and refuse in the creek at the rear of his home, below the water works. The Health and Sanitation Committee was directed to confer with the Board of Health and with power to act in the matter. A communication was received from the Civic Club urging Council to rigidly enforce the ordinance against spitting on the streets and halls of public places. The police were instructed to enforce the ordinance. Arrests may follow violations in the future. Jacob Knisely was hired as a policeman to serve during the period of the illness of William Beezer. He will be on night duty.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Emmett G. Brooks, Mary L. Bloom,	Centre Hall "
Clement Shope, Bessie O. Shirk,	Runville "
Martin A. Stover, Beulah M. Stover,	Coburn "
George E. Grenoble, Lizzie V. Bressler,	Spring Mills Rebersburg
Charles W. Wolf, Rebecca A. Cummings,	Aaronsburg Centre Hall
Roy H. Musser, Eva L. Feidler,	Woodward "
Richard Emerick, Laura Mann,	Lock Haven Howard
Harry N. Rockey, Cora E. Corman.	Zion "

Woods—McLaughlin Nuptials.

The marriage of George Woods, of Pine Grove Mills, and Miss Ella McLaughlin, of Pittsburgh, was solemnized at the United Presbyterian parsonage at Braddock on Wednesday, February 5th, by the Rev. Dr. S. B. Culley. The groom is a son of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Woods, of Pine Grove Mills, and for the past year has held a responsible and lucrative position with the Westinghouse Electric Company. He is a Penn State graduate, class of 1911, and is well and favorably known. His bride is a splendid young lady and popular among her circle of friends in her home city. Mr. and Mrs. Woods will go to housekeeping in or nearby Braddock. The Centre County friends of the groom extend congratulations and best wishes.

Wedded at Centre Hall.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Sunday evening of last week at the Reformed church parsonage in Centre Hall, the contracting parties being Ralph E. Dinges, of that place, and Miss Orpha Irene Musser, of Spring Mills. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Raymond Jones. The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Musser, of near Spring Mills. She is a popular young lady and has a host of admiring friends who wish her all the happiness in the world. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Dinges, of Centre Hall. He is a splendid young man and qualified in every way to preside over the home.

For Sale Cheap.

The oak drawers, base tables and shelving in room now occupied by William McClure in Exchange Building. Inquire of

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

SPRING 1913.

THE NEW STYLES

Suits of superb tailoring in the most fashionable models, extreme and conservative cuts--New Fabrics--$10.00 and higher. Raincoats and Overcoats in new materials and colorings--New Hats in the new approved shapes and and proportions--Felt Hats, Stiff Hats, Cloth Hats, and Caps. At each given price an unusual showing of styles and best possible value.

New Shirts--50c--$1.00--$1.50.

NEW NECKWEAR

The new goods are here. Come in and get acquainted with what is to be worn and get posted when values are the best--

Sim The Clothier

ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Last Call
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